

THE
RANSOM OF MANILLA;

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.
O R,

ENGLAND'S ALLY.

AN HISTORICAL PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

BY R. G. LEE.

Prodest Amantibus, aliis, Bellum, Ruinam alii, Bello inveniat
Sed Ambitio, omnium Bellorum quia Pectus mortale frangunt
et ferocissimum.

L O N D O N.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORONTES,	<i>King of Para and Nephew to Dotas</i>
CRASSO,	<i>Orontes General.</i>
DOTAS,	{ <i>Orontes Uncle in alliance with the Governor of Manilla.</i>
OBAO,	
MARAN,	{ <i>Anobrious hypocrite leagued with Dotas to effect the dethroning of Orontes</i>
DON MINASTO,	
KASI,	<i>A faithful Servant of Orontes.</i>
MASSARENE,	<i>Governor of Manilla.</i>
SCIPIO,	{ <i>Urissa's father</i>
ISABELLA,	
URISSA,	{ <i>Commander of the English besieging Manilla.</i>
	<i>Captain of the Spanish Guard.</i>
	<i>Betrothed to Dotas.</i>
	<i>Kaisis Daughter in love with Orontes.</i>



The Scene lies entirely in, and a few miles round Manilla, a Town in possession of the Spaniards, and the Capital of the Island of Luconia one of the Phillipines, of which Para is another, though much smaller.

P R E F A C E.

THERE are few languages I believe wherein the muse Melpomene is treated with greater disrespect in regard to her poetic ordinances than in the English. And few writers who will venture to take such liberties with her good nature as those in England. Nor to say the truth, do I see such treason in not adhering so strictly to her mandates as many rigid pedants, and others of the scholastic tribe would have us believe. For my own part, most worthy critic, I have thought it indispensably necessary to apprize thee of these my sentiments, lest that while thou mayst be perusing this my dramatic composition thou shouldst conceive I intended an affront to thy judgment, on certain occasions, where, in order to avoid breaking my own neck, I have been obliged to risque the hazard of exposing thine as well as those of my readers in general. However, I must not fail to remind thee, and each judicious reader, once for all, that although I much respect either of your opinions, I am not yet become so arrant an enthusiast in Authorism as to throw myself upon the prescribed limitations of a five footed Pegasus without reserving the liberty of self-direction in several instances and cases of absolute necessity.

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POLITICAL ESSAYS

ADDRESSED TO *PHILO.*

By the same Author.

These Essays are devoted to an investigation of the Remarks contained in the "Rights of Man," respecting the British form of Government. The Author examines the subject in a plain argumentative and candid Manner; and though sometimes more diffuse than may be thought necessary, he clearly refutes the principal Observations advanced in that invidious Production.

CRITICAL REVIEW, for *January 1793.*

THE
Ransom of Manilla;

OR,
England's Ally.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Time, day break. Enter ORENTEs, and troops following. An open country.

Orontes. IN brightness clad, behold the op'ning dawn
Sees not its rays in night alternate hid,
Ere we shall greet our English friends. But time
Is now so precious, that a moment lost,
Might be to us, and to those good allies,
Whole years of consequence. Ye know, before
Manilla's Walls, in dubious contest hangs
The battle, 'tween their enemies and them:
Shou'd our delay at all impede their cause,
Who the reproach could bear? but if again
We share not in the victory, who could
Endure the disappointment? Nor because
Our voy'ge's past fatigues may ask for rest,
Let any, too much relaxation take,
But each be ready at his king's command.

B

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Say ; are our troops all landed ? or is Crasso
Yet occupy'd in bringing them ashore ?

[Troops go off.]

Mef. My liege, your general Crasso sends me to
Acquaint you, that on landing, he has learnt
Some enemy was nigh at hand, and hopes you'll
Prepare immediately to meet them.—That
All the remainder of your men are safe
On shore. These he himself is leading fast
To your assistance.

[Exit.]

Oron. What can this mean ! an
Enemy so nigh ! the Spaniards sure
Have not heard of our arrival ? the attack,
However, we'll prepare to meet as well
As possible, and stop the threat'ned blow,
So unexpectedly to cross our rout
Mayhap projected. In the while, our friends
Must be inform'd of our approach towards their
Relief : a junction which this prospect bids
Fair to be effected, tho' not without much
Difficulty. However, we have pledg'd
Our faith, and rather than the English lose
The aid we promis'd, Spanish foes may find,
That thro' their hostile breasts, our swords can make
A speedy passage.

Enter CRASSO.

Craf. ————Haste, my liege, for scarce
An hour's march, and they will be upon us ;
Their troops in number far exceeding yours,
And headed by *Obao*.

Oron. ————Amasement !
Obao against his master risen up
In arms ? impossible !

[news:]

Craf. Too true, my liege, I fear you'll find the
However, we have hearts will round our king
Bleed to a man ; nor one among the troops

You've

You've hither brought, will shrink a single step
From the most honourable of causes,
And for his sovereign's safety, all will give
The life they hold but at their king's command.

Oron. It cannot be! and yet I've cause to dread,
And long have trembled at the cruel thought
Of my most trusty friend deceiving me
In my affections for Urissa.

But then Obao would not so transgress
'Gainst every tie of friendship, 'gainst his king;
No! I commission'd him to go to Dotas,

My uncle, as a mediator 'tween
Himself and me, upon our differences;
Or rather, 'twas Obao's promise, that
He would prevent my uncle's great ambition
From further pressing to effect my ruin;

To rob me of my crown; if in a league
With him my bosom cherish'd as its friend,
As one in whom alone it cou'd repose

Its confidential secrets, and the more
Important business of its love: if he
Has been seduc'd, and made an instrument

The best he cou'd select thro' all my realms
To gain my hapless crown—Then, then indeed
'Tis time I should awake from the delusion
Of false Obao's friendship, and prepare

To meet him arm for arm. However, we
Enjoin you, Crasso, to preserve the treasure,
Which as a present we intended for
Our English friends, as surety of
The faith of our alliance: let that claim
Our first attention, since how soon we may
Be with an unexpected foe embroil'd
We know not.—

Cras. ————— Be that my care. Be mine the
Chief weight of an engagement, soon to shew
Our firm attachment to a sovereign's cause,
We all revere, all honour from our souls.

A battle which may teach us all how great's
 The recompence a soldier can obtain
 Who's faithful to his king—who with him dare
 Partake of the honour of the glorious field,
 So treacherously preparing to receive us,
 By those whose shame it will hereafter prove. [*Exit.*

Oron. Prevent it, heaven, restore my wavering
 friend;

Oh that, that's still his name, and all is false;
 Grant it, ye Gods, and save Orontes' peace. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*A wood. A battle. ORONTES' soldiers driven across
 the stage.*

Enter OBAO, &c.

Oba. On! On! my gallant friends, nor spare a man
 Among that heap of cowards. So shall we
 immortalize our fame to ages yet
 Unborn, to endless time. *Obao leads*
 The way to glory, and to vast renown. [*Exit.*

Enter ORONTES in confusion—his sword drawn.

Oron. Ah! such numbers crowd on my few
 poor men!
 See, where they fly! borne down by multitudes!
 Now then again they rally! brave fellows!
 But ah! beneath the violent pressure
 Of their opponents again they bend and
 Fall in slaughter'd heaps. Fly! fly! Orontes!
 Or thy too weighty, much fought life goes next.
 [*Exit.*

Scene changes to KASI's Hut on the outside of the Wood.

Enter OBAO and Soldiers.

Obao. See where their prince and paltry Gene-
 ral's fled!

Pursue! pursue! Orontes be your aim:
 But fair Uriffa, and her charms be mine.

[*Exeunt soldiers*
She's

She's my reward, secure I may repose
 My tired limbs upon her gentle breast,
 My rival now remov'd ; perhaps by this,
 No more! for so my orders went to each
 Soldier to mark their leader's life the first.
 This is the humble cottage where the fairest
 Of all her sex resides, smiling on a world,
 Whose grief she shares not, but contented breaths
 Alone its admiration: she shall not
 Know me at first, that better I may learn
 How yet she is affected towards my rival;
 Whether in misfortune she will love him as
 Before upon the throne of Para's realm.

[Throws off his mantle, and otherwise disguises himself.]
 This quarrel 'twixt Orontes and his uncle
 (Who will be overjoy'd to hear the news)
 For fortune's son has op'd a spacious field,
 And to th' adventurer holds out a lure
 Of spoil and plunder from the common wreck:
 So fair an opportunity, who's he wou'd miss?

Enter URISSA from the but.

Urif. Where can my Isabella be decoyed to?

Obao. But see she's here, and ta'en me un-
 awares. *Aside*

Urif. Much do I fear some man has seen her.

Obao. Now if she chance to recollect my face. *Aside.*

Urif. I think I'll take a walk in search of her.

Obao. No matter. *Aside.*

Urif. ————— Perhaps curiosity
 Has led her to the sea coast.—I'll follow her.

Obao. Ah! she must not go—no—I'll dissem-
 ble. *Aside.*

Lady, vouchsafe t' inform a soldier
 Which is the nearest road to Manilla?

Urif. The one you're in, none can be straighter,
 Or bring you sooner to Manilla's town.

Obao. Thank you, good lady, and but one word
 more;

I feign would beg you hear me.

Urif.

Uris. ———— Speak but quick. [bold,

Obao. Your tender nature prompts me to be
To supplicate your alms for one whose strength
Though seemingly in youth, is wearied out
With serving th' interests of princes, who
Ambition leads to spill the blood of thousands
Of their subjects, slaves, and fellow creatures:
Our fight was hot, both sides maintain'd their claim
With equal intrepidity, till mine,
Or rather, that on which I fought—Orontes!
Was by the eager valour of the enemy
Oblig'd to give up the contest, with the loss of
Many hundred men, besides some wounded;
The rest to save their lives took to ignoble,
Though necessitous flight. Of those, I'm one,
And almost starv'd for want of sustenance.

Uris. Scarcely know I how to answer him.
I tremble to enquire if fought—[*Aside*] Go on.
How far'd your leader, th' illustrious
Orontes? Heaven! how my soul's alarm'd!

Obao. He, like a coward, was the first that fled.

Uris. Ah! call him not coward: if you ever
serv'd him,
You must know well he ne'er deserv'd the name.

Tell me, has he escap'd unhurt?

Obao. They say, that anxious to avoid his enemies,
In his great haste his horse had thrown him off,
And 'gainst a cedar's trunk had crush'd his head.

Uris. This unexpected shock is more than I
Am able to endure. Orontes kill'd!
Impossible! it cannot be!

Obao. ———— I know
No more than that report will have it so.

Uris. Begone, I cannot listen any longer!
Orontes coward! and left his army
To combat by itself? it never was.
And know, that thus to vilify his name,

Was

Was not the way to gain assistance here.
 I'm distracted, and know not which way to turn.
 Oh, my Orontes ! my dear Orontes !
 Wer't thou but there to throw it in his teeth. [*Exit.*]

Obao. Behold in me the object of your hopes.
 Ah ! she is gone, and left me to pursue
 My projects by myself ; fool that I was,
 To suffer her to escape thus easily :
 But say, was I not wrong to blame the man
 Her heart seems fix'd on ; yes, 'twas most
 Inconsiderate indeed to stain his fame,
 Who all the nations round approve of,
 And known by no other name than good Orontes !
 The worse my fortune then to have t' oppose
 Thousands of hearts devoted to his interest.
 How will his uncle but rejoice to hear
 The great event of this morning's battle !
 Orontes vanquish'd, and his sceptre
 Gain'd by my glorious efforts for himself.
 Straightway I'll hasten to Manilla's town,
 How will he thank the happy messenger
 Of such most welcome tidings, and will promise
 T' assist me in obtaining the fair hand
 Of the contested for Urisla !

Enter ORONTIS, disguised as a common soldier.

A contest which from this all-glorious day
 Most probably must cease. Who have we here,
 Some princely straggler in disguise, if looks
 Can validate the supposition ?

Oron. Ah ! cruel fortune,
 When wilt thou cease to persecute Orontes,
 And give a tranquil moment to his breast ?
 Or is't for death to close the lingering scene ?
 Ah ! was't for this that nature made me man,
 And gave an empire to await my birth,
 Thus to be robb'd of by oppression's sons,
 And all my honours by tyrannic thieves,
 Thus to be vilely ransack'd in my face ;

My crown, my sceptre, and my prince's sway,
 Torn from my hands, and given to another,
 Whose soul insatiate yet gapes for more,
 Nor can be glutted by his victim's blood?
 And was't for this on dear Urissa's lips
 I vow'd eternal constancy and love:
 Or nurst a flame, now but to be despis'd,
 Because my titles in the dust are laid,
 And sad Orontes only leaves a name?
 Oh! how one look on her wou'd ease my soul,
 And bear me up amid misfortune's road,
 In paths of difficulty yet untried.
 She shall not, must not, know me yet; at least,
 Not till the prospect of returning day
 Renders disguise longer unnecessary.

[Takes a letter from his pocket.]

I've here withal shall sound her inmost heart,
 And prove the ardour of her passion,
 For him who once her best affections claim'd,
 Now rendered him beneath all human notice:
 Then if my tale but rouse her indignation
 'Gainst those who've been my principal undoers,
 What soft repose will my fond mind enjoy,
 And gay delight, to find the sole possession
 Of her inestimable love, my own.
 Say, does not Kasi dwell nigh hereabouts?

Obao. This is old Kasi's house, whose slave I am.

Oron. Then you can tell me how Urissa fares,
 And if she is or not at home?

Obao. ————She's not,
 But through the adjacent fields has just now stray'd.

Oron. Ah! is't not odd that in these times of
 tumult

She shou'd have ventured out so far beyond
 The boundaries of her father's threshold?

Obao. Here far remov'd from hurrying scenes
 of bustle,

We scarcely know what actuates the world
 A mile around our habitation.

Oron.

Oron. Then you've not heard of poor Orontes' fall?

Obao. A straggling foldier just now has inform'd us
Of what had pass'd this morning e'er 'twas day,
And the fierce conflict 'twixt Orontes
And his uncle's army, under the command
Of chief Obao; and how the former
Was by the valour of the latter
Completely vanquished.

Oron. ——— Yes, 'twas a pity
That Orontes thus should suffer, because
It had been his lot to hold possessions
Beyond the rest of India's sovereigns,
And thereby raise the envy of his uncle,
And that great friend of his, Obao,
Who while the former seizes on his kingdom,
Expects to rob Orontes of his love:
But she, they say, has so forsworn her heart,
That sooner than another shall enjoy
Her beauty, she will encounter death.

Obao. So then, Obao will have gain'd but little
By thus supporting Dotas' attempts,
To leave the crown of Para's Island heirless,
That he himself might next obtain possession
Of what Orontes in an heir wou'd claim.

Oron. And since they say their projects have
succeeded
By dint of arms, how will Urissa grieve
To find the prospect of her future empire
Thus in a moment overturn'd?
But say, can I with confidence commit
Some matter of importance to herself
Within your hands?—You see this letter.

[*Shewing the letter.*]

Obao. I do, and if it was the value of an empire,
To her be assured I would surrender it.

Oron. So! after all, I fear I must content my-
self with

Hearing of her name, then at a distance learn

How

How she receives the story of my ruin,
 And unperceiv'd must anxiously attend
 Her willing or unwilling disposition
 Towards a renewal of our attachment,
 Impoverished now by my misfortunes,
 But which have only serv'd to add fresh strength
 To the warmest of passions, and in attempting
 To crush its hope, have only elevated
 Its desires:—then give Urissa this,
 But first assure me, you will do it with
 Fidelity and in secret, unknown
 To any one.—

Obao. ————If oaths are requisite,
 I swear that—

Oron. Come, I will believe you :
 Accept of this, (*gives money*) and know, that doing
 what

You've just now swore to do with honesty,
 You're rendering services to one, who
 Yesterday cou'd have rewarded you with empires.
 Thus will she see my situation, but
 I cannot be the witness of her tears
 Of sympathy for my misfortunes. The
 English Commander, to whom before the
 Battle I wrote, and promis'd to be with
 Privately a little distance from the walls
 Of Manilla, will expect me there
 To settle measures proper to be taken
 About the siege. He hearing of our loss,
 By those, who with the presents I have sent,
 Which only we have rescu'd from the wreck
 Of all, will wonder why Orontes did not
 As he promis'd, follow.

Obao. You have rais'd my curiosity
 To such a pitch, that if I might be suffered—
 Besides, 'tis necessary I shou'd know
 The donor's name, to tell to Urissa,
 For else she must be ignorant of the friend
 That thus has honoured her with his good wishes.

Oron.

Oron. No matter : I must be gone back to my Master, who will expect me every Minute, and wait my return with eager Solicitude. Tell her then, Orontes Lives, but in torments out of her dear sight ; Tell her, 'tis she alone, that under his Present circumstances enables him To support an else too pondrous life ; And that 'tis for her alone he lives ; That while relief from misery presents Itself in various forms, and ever Watchful death offers its assistance, and Open throws its numerous portals With every servile instrument which Its power can command, to add force to Its authority over disturbed minds ; If but one straggling thought on his *Urissa* Can for a moment cross his tortured brain, Death flies before it like a guilty fiend, Whose foul advice wou'd in a brother's guise Subject a mortal's soul to endless torment, Inherent to the act of suicide In after worlds. But ah ! beware, And mention not a word that 'twas for her Incomparable beauty, Orontes Lost his kingdom and his power ; rather Urge to her, that in the midst of poverty, He is heavenly rich, while confident Of her favour ; and lastly, tell *Urissa*, If a calamitous and cruel want Shou'd have produced a cool indifference In her breast for the indigent Orontes, That from henceforth 'tis his fix'd intention To hide his person from the hated world ; Which wou'd, like him, grow weary of its state, Were't not supported by the milder favour Of a superior influence. *[Exit.]*

Obao. Oh, gracious Gods ! I thought I should have burst ;

'Twas.

'Twas well my reason stedfast kept her seat,
 Nor gave the reigns to passion's warmer dictates ;
 Else had my sword been buried in his blood,
 And his strew'd limbs adorn'd the sanguine ground.
 Now for the letter and its soft contents,
 No doubt as tender as their object's self.

[Reads the letter.]

" Dearest URISSA,

" The malevolence of my enemies has at
 " length succeeded, and no longer able to oppose
 " the little power they had left me to the insatiable
 " ambition of my uncle, I am left destitute, and
 " without a single friend. The bearer of this,
 " my servant, will, if you require it, inform you
 " more of my situation. Obao too, has deserted
 " me, and joining the arms of my uncle this morn-
 " ing, upon our landing, offered us battle: my men
 " fatigued with the hardships of their voyage,
 " which has proved much longer than expected,
 " were easily discomfited, and their leader narrowly
 " escaped with his life. Oh! Urissa, I am now
 " rendered unworthy of your charms, and that
 " you may find one more deserving than himself,
 " is the prayer of your ill-fated

ORONTES."

" I am about to throw myself on the generosity
 " of my English friends, in whose breasts I hope to
 " find that commiseration for my misfortunes,
 " which so eminently distinguishes their nation."

So, he yet lives, and cherishes a hope
 That in the English he shall find allies,
 Whose friendly arms may yet restore his power,
 And ere 'tis long replace him on his throne.

[Inadvertently drops the letter.]

How will he bless his all benignant stars,
 Who thus have thrown his letter into hands,
 Whence, as he thinks, 'twill surely see Urissa.
 However, I'll to Manilla instantly,

And

And while he fondly sees thro' future prospects
 Successful schemes and flattering prosperity,
 I will inform his uncle of the vict'ry
 Gain'd by the power of my arms this morning.
 Then in our turn, successful plans we'll form,
 Made irresistible by art and cunning,
 Nought shall withstand the vast torrentuous storm.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter KASI from the Hut.

Kasi. Where Isabella, which way art thou fled?
 Oh! I have dreaded long thy youthful beauty,
 Wou'd fall a victim to some hidden snare:
 In spite of all thy master's shrewd anxiety,
 Here to seclude them from the curious world:
 At last, those fears which from the earliest day,
 That I receiv'd your charms within my roof,
 Seem to be realis'd, and Doras' love
 Perhaps exchang'd for one whose treach'rous nets
 Successful laid has robb'd him of thyself.
 May these anticipations prove but false,
 And I preserve unbroke my plighted word
 To watch thy footsteps with an Argus' eye.

[*Picks up the letter.*

What have we here! a letter [*pause*] to Urissa!
 To my daughter! amazement! what can this mean?
 Ah! is't possible the Gods would suffer
 A mind ennobled by each virtuous grace,
 That cou'd exalt, or heav'n approving give
 To man, thus in one moment, to be thrown
 Down the destructive precipice of ruin;
 From splendid courts, where virtues such as his
 Alone could breath or dignify the prince,
 Who by example humaniz'd the breast
 Of every Indian subject to his sway,

And

And made their lips extol Orontes' name
 Endeared to them as was their own existence.
 But by Obao too, who through the favour
 Of the very prince he has so late oppos'd,
 Was from the vilest mole that crept on earth,
 Rais'd to the noblest honours of the kingdom,
 And in the esteem of him who he has vanquished,
 Held the first place, nor any were so true,
 So faithful to their master, as Obao.
 Still there's a hope it all may be yet groundless,
 A weak insinuation of Obao,
 To deceive Urissa's father, who he knows
 Enjoy'd Orontes' friendship, and return'd it
 With a promise of his child, whose hand, tho' poor,
 He oft intreats to be allow'd to woo.
 Such honourable, tho' dignified addressees
 Herself resists not, but with me invokes
 The Gods may be transferr'd to a more worthy
 Object.— [Exit KASI, and re-enter URISSA.

Urif. No where to be found! what will old
 Dotas say,
 How will he rave and curse the heedless hand
 That thus cou'd let his foundling unobserv'd
 Delude her keeper's eye?—Well, Isabella,
 Wherever thou art conceal'd thou hast my pray'r
 For the protection of the Gods who rule
 In love's bright sphere. I know she dreads 'bove all,
 The plagues of earth, the loath'd embrace of Dotas,
 Who has inform'd her of his intentions,
 To make her one with him, and that too soon.
 Thus while he thinks he here secures her charms,
 May she have disappointed all his care,
 And safe repose, where love alone presides.
 But ah! Orontes, where is thy dear name?
 Where is that love which once cou'd joy Urissa?
 Where shall I fly to meet thy much lov'd image,
 And hide my breast in raptures all thy own?

Or

Or is't by fate deny'd, that e'er again
I shall behold the dear expression
Of those so manly features? impossible
Thy too daring soul shou'd be requited
By ignominious death. Yet how that
Wretch's tale, who cringing begg'd for alms,
Awak'd within my breast each trembling fear,
Each sad emotion for my prince's safety.

Enter ISABELLA out of breath.

But see she comes! Dearest Isabella, [lost you:
Where have you been so long? we thought we'd
My father, fearful of his tender care,
Sent me to seek you all the country round.

Isa. Oh, Urissa!——

But you shall hear my tale, and judge me after:
This morning early, as my usual walk
Across the adjoining fields alone I took,
Pleas'd with the beauty of the opening scene,
A sudden pensiveness assail'd my mind,
And deep reflection on a distant home—
Urg'd on my thoughts to snatch the silent moment
For contemplation on my former life.
Thus imperceptibly I onward stray'd,
Till having somewhat still'd my rising griefs,
I found at last my feet had wandered up
A lofty hill, whence I cou'd plainly see
Before, the ocean; and behind, Manilla;
On that it struck me, that an English vessel
Had never pleas'd my eyes since first on shore
My own was driven by the adverse winds.
Scarcely a moment, and the English fleet
Rang'd o'er the coast, my well-pleas'd sight await;
A tear the fond remembrancer of past,
Then irresistible, betray'd the emotions
Of my heart within; I had not time to think,
When turning round to shun what only brought
Sorrow and disappointment in its train,

Without

Without a single hope for better days;
 A man, who if I'm not much mistaken,
 Was by his dress, the English commander,
 Viewing through a glass th' adjacent country;
 Soon as he saw me, left his observations,
 And try'd to pull me back, but I retreated;
 And in my hurry, tumbled to the ground:
 He flew t' assist me, and his eyes being fix'd,
 Urg'd me to tell my name, and where I liv'd,
 For that he knew me well: I shriek'd for fear,
 And crouds of soldiers fast surrounding us,
 Broke from his arms, and escap'd what I had painted
 Far worse than twenty deaths.

Urif. ——— Come, I am glad
 It was no worse.

Isa. But oh, *Uriffa!* such a graceful mein,
 Such mild complaisance mark'd his soldier's face,
 And the impression lies as close
 As does the morning dew upon the glade
 In Maia's Month.

Urif. ——— —Ah! *Isabella*, rather consider
 How ever since they landed on this island,
 Dots has told you to avoid all English,
 That they're deceitful, and wou'd use you ill.

Isa Because he is afraid my heart shou'd stray
 To objects dearer than his own loath'd figure:
 For so the English are beyond all others
 Nearest my foolish breast; myself am English,
 Therefore revere the name.

Urif. ——— Take my advice,
 Nor anker more for what if twenty worlds
 Were at your will, you cou'd not purchase
 Liberty and England's hospitable ground.

Isa. But say, *Uriffa*, has not nature thrown
 Among the passions of the human breast,
 And there implanted 'midst each fond desire
 An arduous longing for our native land,
 A soft attachment to the place we first

Receiv'd

Receiv'd our breath in, and were granted life;
A life no longer worth a moment's care,
If torn from what cou'd feed the vital flame—
From what cou'd give it strength to meet misfor-
tune,

And combat ills imbib'd upon our nature.

Urif. Then as a friend, since Dotas has declar'd
His firm intention to unite your hands,
And there's no chance to favour a retreat;
Let me advise you, dearest Isabella,
To think no more on England's distant shore.

I/a. Ah! can I e'er forget the authors of my life,
My friends, relations, and, as dear as all,
Him whom I loved? No, sooner that death
I now would suffer, than be Dotas' bride!
From which (as homeward to them all, I fail'd
From China's shores, where it was rumour'd round,
My mother fell a victim to disease
In Britain) Heaven was pleas'd to save me.
Then as the vessel which was labouring hard
Under a blowing, boisterous gale of wind,
Struck on the sunken rocks of Leyta's Isle—
Safe, and with her two companions
Snatch'd Isabella from the jaws of death,
And threw me into Dotas' friendly hands,
Who kindly lent us every assistance,
When the devouring seas refus'd their prey.
With gratitude do I remember his
Endeavours to afford us each kind comfort
In our distress.—
And when the Indian woman,
Who, with her husband, serv'd me on my
Voyage, answering the double purposes
Of slaves and company,
Was fast expiring,
By reason of the cold she had sustain'd,
While her poor husband buffeting the waves,
Herself in one arm, and with me in th' other,
Bore us amid their violence, safe to land.

How the good Dotas gave her each relief,
 And saw all funeral honours duly paid,
 Both to herself and husband who surviv'd her.
 Alas, too short a time for me t'have made
 A restitution equal to his services
 In rescuing Isabella from that death
 Which all the world mayhap would have consider'd
 But premature; yet, while in dark oblivion
 In lands remote, her sad and wretched name
 Lies hid, unknown;—What heeds the wond'rous
 change? [jected.

Urif. It grieves me much to see thee thus de-

Isa. Oft has thy friendly soothing good advice
 Upheld my tottering feet from falling
 Beneath the load of my oppressive system;
 Grown weary also with its worldly care:
 But say,—Is not to be depriv'd of liberty,
 Torn from the sight of all that was held dear
 On earth, to be depriv'd of life? and does
 The bee, when feasting on the sweets
 The Rose affords, know greater pleasure?
 And was't to be withheld, would he not linger,
 Droop his head and die, for want of that
 Which alone supported his existence?
 Am I then so ill-fated, or so bad
 As to be denied the soft sensation
 Of weeping over my misfortunes? [Exit.

Urif. Oh! how I cou'd participate in ev'ry
 piteous sensation!
 Join in her love-lorn tears, and of each wound
 Which love has made, cou'd bear an equal part!

Enter KASI.

Oh, my father! Isabella is come back.

Kasi. I'm glad of it, I have been seeking her
 Through every field, and having mist her,
 Suppos'd she must have return'd to our cottage.

Urif.

Uris. Well, now she is come; let us to our repast,
Which virtue sweetens and content enriches;
And tho' humiliating want serves up,
Asks not th' assistance of a golden cup
To make it sweeter, or enhance its relish.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Governor's House at Manilla.

Enter ORONTES in chains, guarded.

Orontes. But why these chains? I tell ye then
I am no foe, lead me to your governor.

Officer. He will be here immediately.

Oron. This I have gain'd by straying to *Uris*,
By leaving the conduct of my arms.
But without her, what heeds the world to me?
While she enchains my heart, all these can do
Shall not one moment rob it of its peace.
He's here: Resolution, do not thou forsake me,
Now when thy aid alone can bring me through,
And from perdition save *Orontes'* cause.

Enter GOVERNOR, SCIPIO, and attendants.

Governor. Well! where have ye found this Indian
wretch?—

Off. He says he is no foe: but that is false,
As from the circumstances of his case
Will best be understood.—We found him near

The town's environs, lurking as a spy,
 Whose business was to watch our motions,
 And then inform the enemy of all
 He had collected ; for when first we took him,
 He would not tell his name, nor will he now :
 Then starting as if astonish'd, we should
 Have observed him, refus'd to make known
 His business, but insisted that his views
 Were far from hostile, and in his friendship
 We might gain extraordinary assistance.

Gov. Then if you've ought important to our cause,
 Or nation's interest, to communicate,
 We are inclin'd to hear : but if again,
 To be a spy, or for the purpose of
 Procuring intelligence about our
 Hostile situations, you have dared approach
 So nigh our town's environs, this instant
 Death must be your portion—and the worst
 That can be inflicted.

Oron. [*Kneels*] ———— See, sir, beneath
 Your feet a prostrate wretch ! nearest to whose
 Affections is the Spanish nation,
 And the good cause 'tis now engaged in.
 First then, I intreat and humbly cry your favour
 Of these ignoble chains to be relieved,
 Which but disgrace the worst offender living,
 That with more ease and comfort to myself
 I may discharge the duties of a friend,
 In telling all of which I am acquainted
 Of welfare to your cause.

Gov. ———— See that his chains
 Accordingly are taken off. [*his chains are taken off.*]

Oron. [*Rising*] Then listen, while a project I
 disclose
 Intended to o'erwhelm your town in ruin,
 And form'd by th' English and their known Ally,
 Orontes, King of neighbouring Para,
 O'er which, till late, he peaceful held his reign,
 When, as they say, th' ambition of his uncle,

To drive him from his government and throne,
And raise himself up in Orontes' stead,
Has happily produc'd the end expected.

Gov. Ah! proceed, but mention not a syllable
Against our worthy Dotas.

Oron. Orontes' army was this morning beaten
By that under the direction of Obao,
Dotas' general and nearest friend. [ments,

Gov. Indian, you have our best acknowledg-
For news so tending to our cause's welfare,
As the defeat of so powerful a foe:
What joy for Dotas! nothing cou'd come sweeter
Or better tim'd than this most lucky overthrow,
As favourable to us as Dotas:
For while he breath'd, th' English wou'd have found
Always a ready friend and sure ally.
But did you say what came of Orontes?

Oron. No longer able to withstand the force,
And too impetuous courage of Obao,
He retir'd with the small remains of his men
Into the adjacent woods—Whither the others
Are supposed to have followed him;
But whether he has escaped or not,
Is yet unknown to them.

Gov. No matter, he is fled; and very possibly
'Ere this has paid the debt of nature,
To them who now will triumph in the fall
Of a prince so ill befitted for a kingdom.
Go on, we are inclin'd to hear thee out—
Which side fought you on? for you seem a soldier.

Oron. Orontes' quarrel claim'd my best support;
By him I fought, and when no longer equal
To oppose th' enemy, by his side, I fled,
And eluded their most diligent attempts
To intercept our fortunes and escape. [has gone?

Gov. Then you must know which road th' prince

Oron. If of your firm protection and support,
I first was well assur'd, you soon shou'd know
All I can tell, or you desire to hear.

Gov. You have it all, besides a fit reward,
If what you tell us proves to be well founded.

Oron. Know then, that long 'ere this, it is propos'd
Between Orontes and his English friends,
Before to-morrow's sun beholds the east,
To force a passage where you least expect,
And unawares surprise your Citadel.

Gov. How!

Oron. Orontes—and I am not wrong inform'd,
Instead of trying to make good his flight,
Soon as the scale of fortune turn'd against him,
By unknown passes fought the English camp,
And left me, fear of hindring his escape,
To follow after, when your soldiers took me;
There for himself enjoin'd me to the secret
He wou'd propose the conduct of some troops
Against the eastern gate, which by the help
Of spies, he understood was less defended
Than any else: then having gained the height
On which your citadel is situate,
Was unobserv'd to seize it for his friends.

Gov. If what you declare is surely true,
And that Orontes is discomfited,
The rest we fear not.—

Oron. ————— Here, as security
For what I have disclos'd, into your hands,
These jewels which Orontes, to prevent
Discovery in his flight, gave to my care,
I now surrender. *[gives a casket.]*

Gov. Enough, you've told us all we can require,
Now you are free to go where'er you please,
Except out of the town; you have our promise
Of a secure refuge within its walls.
Scipio, 'tis yours to keep the troops prepar'd
And make 'em ready 'gainst all that may happen,
While I'll immediately consider what's
Best to be done to meet the hostile measures,
And if 'tis possible avert the blow.

[Exeunt Governor, and Attendants.]

Oron.

Oron. Then for some moments I've prolong'd
my life,

By dint of stratagem, not less deceitful
Than 'twas degrading to Orontes' name.
Nature almost rebell'd, and seem'd to urge me
Boldly declare my name, and meet the death,
Which as their foe they'd not a minute hesitate
To inflict, and that the most tormenting.
However, tho' my stars have so ordain'd,
That in a hostile town I should be made
A narrow prisoner, and thereby
Depriv'd of every opportunity
To retort upon my oppressors: or, what's worse,
Not suffered to inform my numerous friends
Of my unfortunate situation.
If by my story I have serv'd the English,
And unperceiv'd can favour their attack,
By aiding them to surprise th' unwary town,
They will perhaps return it with their arms,
And once again replace me on my throne;
Again restore me to my birthright
So unjustly torn from me, because my love
Was centered in an object low and poor.
A specious pretext of my ambitious uncle,
To deprive me of that which without her
Can afford no enjoyment. Heav'n! grant me that,
'Tis all the boon I ask. My crown, my sceptre,
And my princely power, as empty baubles,
I wou'd resign to those, who than myself
Are better vers'd in turning them to blessings
Calculated to enhance the gift of life. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

Enter DOTAS and GOVERNOR.

Dotas. I own I'm somewhat lost, and that the
To me's as unexpected as surprising. news

Gov. But Dotas, now the most important care
Demands my speediest attention,
And I must leave you to indulge by yourself

The pleasing effects which Orontes' defeat
 Cannot fail to have upon your feelings:
 In the mean time, our town's defence and safety
 Calls me away immediately.

By spies, I've learnt the English are preparing
 To make the most vigorous efforts,
 And by one furious stroke to force our gate ;
 Therefore I would leave it to your care to see
 That the inhabitants of the cottages,
 Which scattered round the environs of the town
 Will naturally be first expos'd to the fury
 Of this fresh attack, be brought within
 Our walls, and wait in common with the rest,
 The impending event ; the ballance of which,
 By the discomfiture of an enemy's ally,
 Has somewhat reverted in our favour.

Dotas. Nothing such satisfaction can afford me
 As to be witness of Manilla's safety,
 And its result, the disappointment
 Of your enemies, the English. I will, sir,
 Be assur'd, take every care that your commands
 Are properly complied with.
 And as you've oft express'd an ardent wish
 To see the English beauty, who the fate
 Of shipwreck threw upon my protection
 Two years since, and whose name is Isabella,
 I shall think it my duty to gratify you :
 And 'mong the rest who live outside the town,
 Conduct her to your presence. She resides
 In Kasi's house ; under whose watchful eye,
 And being one I cou'd trust, I left her,
 When you invited me to see Manilla,
 About two months ago. There, with his daughter,
 For a companion secret from the world,
 I keep her for myself.

Gov. ——— Excuse me now:
 The moment presses, and I must be gone.
 Remember, I shall feel the liveliest pleasure,
 To have it suffered me to feast my eyes
 On the young beauty you have just now named.

[Exit.]

Dotas. And I much satisfaction, if your pleasure
Creates no inward feelings in my breast,
Promoting hatred for the best of friends.
But why so jealous? shame upon thee, *Dotas* !
Cannot the gratitude and sweet deportment
With which, as if 'twas due, she ever bends,
Evince thee, that 'tis you have got her heart,
And leave no room for ill-bestow'd suspicions ?
But what anxiety (love's sure attendant)
Can equal that now harrassing my mind ?
My nephew's overthrow has left me senseless,
And I almost discredit what I've heard.
Then, too, *Obao's* boasting of the vict'ry,
Which 'twas my meaning for myself to keep,
If force was requisite to quell the matter.
And now, elate with prosperous success,
He counts the acquisitions of his vict'ry
Unnumbered yet, nor more than are his merits ;
For who can tell but that the very kingdom
Which he has conquer'd, and its prince's crown
Are drawn within his boundless expectation ;
Or that, perhaps, while I must silent see—
What cannot force and dint of art accomplish !
He at this moment revels in those fruits
Which every law informs me are my own,
And every tongue wou'd lost in wonder ask,
Why, has *Obao* what his master claim'd ?
Fool that I was, to place it in his power !
By bribes he'll make my soldiers all his own :
And boldly set my empire at defiance.

Enter OBAO.

Obao. Health to my worthy master, noble *Dotas* !
Thy servant brings thee such enchanting news
Of vast success : and thy illustrious arms
Propitious triumph o'er an humbled foe,
Who dares no longer lift his paltry head,
But bends, subdued by thy superior force.

What

What says my general ? are not the tidings
Equal to his hopes ? or not agreeable ? [abus'd

Dotas. Call'st thou me General ! and have thus
The power I gave thee as a servant, subject
To thy master's orders—in turning it against
Those who by sanguinary ties, are near
Allied to my own life ?

Obao. ——— Then he must sure
Be well acquainted with the whole. Indeed sir,
I am astonish'd past the power of utterance:
If I have transgress'd or disobey'd your orders,
I am willing to make any retribution
Even to my blood, but if according to command,
I've——

Dotas. There pause. Look back on my injunction,
When first, taking the Governor's invitation,
I set out for this place, the better to observe
My nephew's operations in support
Of what he thought his right.
Who, as it seems by the account of soldiers
Which have fled hither from Obao's forces,
Has suffered a decisive overthrow.
And when I found it further necessary
To bring my nephew to a proper sense
Of his own interest, in wedding an equal,
One who cou'd boast of princely birthright ;
Did I not then invest you with a power
And full authority to lead my soldiers
Where force was absolutely requisite ?
And did I not enjoin thee, by thy life,
To lead to instant action if it was so ?
But if you can prove that my battalions
Would not have crushed the miserable foe,
Scarcely an hundred soldiers ; who Orontes
Must have had infinite difficulty
To collect, from a soil where peace and quiet
Alone occupied the subject, made mild.
(They have it) by their prince's example,
Where war has long been wholly laid aside ;

And men inert were render'd soft as women,
 Because their leader held his sceptre mildly.
 If out of these sufficient cou'd be found
 To risk a battle with one fourth of ours
 Inured to war, and fully disciplined ;
 Then has Obao acted as he ought,
 Else to his Gen'ral he has prov'd a traitor.

Obao. Oh ! is it possible a word like that
 Cou'd 'scape those lips, or I be justly branded,
 Disgrac'd with so vile an appellation ?
 Such treatment, coming as it does, unlook'd for—
 Transfixes every feeling with amazement !
 However, sir, I hope I shall convince you—
 Nor, in extenuation of my conduct,
 Wou'd I fatigue you with unnumber'd evidence—
 But sir, believe me, if you ever knew
 My service faithful, and approv'd my worth ;
 If yet rememb'ring when you first was told
 How my affections turn'd against Orontes,
 How quickly that entail'd me on your notice,
 Hoping thereby to counteract his plans,
 And raise in me obstructions to his views— [sought

Dotas. 'Tis false ! thou know'st it well I never
 To render thee my heart's disposing arm,
 But 'twas thy artful stories of ill usage
 That first recommended thee to my friendship :
 Besides, I could have satisfied myself
 Without ever employing thy assistance. [chinations

Obao. What can this mean ? some wicked ma-
 Are plac'd against me to effect my ruin.
 Is it, too, thus I am to be requited
 For doing that I know, was't truly known,
 Comes nighest to thy wishes of any thing ?
 But I'm betrayed, and know not how deserving.

Dotas. No more ! and know, that if Orontes in
 Defiance of each reasonable prescription,
 Obliged me to enforce my requisitions,
 To have recourse to fordid threats and arms,
 I had sufficient power of myself

To lead them on to execute whate'er
Was most expedient to my name and honour,
But thou hast barely stain'd our arms renown,
By pouring thousands on a hundred men.

Obao. Then hear me, sir, while I assure, that
The very kingdom you conceive so mean,
Because, forsooth, its people live in peace,
Because their prince believ'd it his first care
To civilize and render all his subjects,
As much as in his pow'r, less subservient
To savage wildness, and the furious influence
Of our uncultivated climate.---

With justice be it spoken as his due,
That kingdom can produce if't be required,
Thro' his good management and studious care,
Soldiers, whole thousands strong, whose duty's been
To smooth their nature, and preserve as well
Their country's love, both at the same time,
Thus has the prudence of their leader
Enabled them t' assist him with their hearts,
Which in conjunction with their willing arms
Gave him the satisfaction to behold
Full fifteen thousand guardians of his standard,
When his cause justify'd their best assistance.

Dotas. No matter, had'st thou but acted under my
Commands, and never listen'd to the dictates
Of thy own aspiring spirit, in defiance
Of my orders—founded in moderation---

Obao. Cou'd I divine the cause of this attack,
Of what a load wou'd't not relieve my mind?
However, still I doubt not that your wisdom
Will be convinc'd that what I've done was right,
When you shall know the truth of this affair.

Dotas. I'll hear no more. Your rhetoric is useless.
And now, too late, I can perceive my error:
Can see the honest, true, ill-used Obao,
Possessed a boundless spirit of ambition,
That cou'd aspire to thrones, look up to kingdoms:

Ill fit was such a man to share my friendship;
 Ill fit to hold a place in Dotas' heart. [Exit.

Obao. I'm all astonishment! why those harsh words?
 Why call me traitor? who have but completed
 Those schemes to which his own heart first gave
 birth,
 And cherish'd as the hopes of future acquisition.
 Ungrateful Dotas! can a rival's dread
 And fear of losing th' honour of a vict'ry
 Have caus'd this sudden fierce—I know not what?
 But I am justly punish'd. Why did I, false,
 Leave him, whose fostering hand maintain'd my life,
 And taught me first the baneful love of greatness,
 By kindly heaping favours on my head?
 Ill fated day! when first to enquire the state
 Of his Urissa's health, then dangerous ill;
 I most ungrateful dared usurp his right,
 And fix my guilty heart on what was his.
 I have succeeded, and am thus requited:
 Neglected by the abettor of my views;
 By him who yesterday conceiv'd his interest
 To be so close, so firmly bound with mine,
 That without me he wanted his right arm:
 And now I'm lost as what way to devise.—
 If it is possible to regain his friendship,
 Or how to act, for thus being shun'd by both,
 I must be his who has the least pretence,
 Or cause to hate me.— [Exit.

SCENE III.

*A street in Manilla. ORONTES, discovered leaning on
 a post—comes forward. A letter in his hand.*

Oron. Now, gracious Gods! Orontes only trust,
 In whom he ever found his sure protectors,
 Convey, as ye have proved your servant true,
 His letter swiftly to the promis'd goal,

Where

Where each success his hapless cause requires,
 Permit t'await it : so shall your altars raised
 Upon our shores, pay daily tribute to that
 Heaven, which shall propitious guide our
 Hopes to fair prosperity.

Enter MARAN.

Maran. ————Orontes !

'Tis surely him.

Oron. ————Who hail'd the forlorn name ?

Am I discovered when my views were rip'ning,
 And when success was dawning on my fight ?

Am I to be betrayed in spite of all—?

Speak then, if 'tis Orontes you wou'd have,
 He is prepar'd to meet the worst, your power
 Can urge, or Spanish cruelty invent.

Mar. 'Tis him, my worthy master ! heavens !
 What joy it gives me to behold thee once again.

Oron. Your business ? and be quick.

Mar. Ah, honour'd sir, my joy on this occasion
 Can scarcely be express'd. Thy servant Maran.

Oron. Ah, what of him ?

Mar. ————He glories thus to have found you,
 Illustrious prince, and bravest of the race
 Of those who ages past have rul'd o'er Para.
 Call to your mind, when first the good Obao,
 That faithful creature, nearest to thy heart
 Of any subject in thy spacious empire.—

Oron. Not more so than the rest : I lov'd them all
 With equal candour, cherish'd all their lives,
 Each dearer to myself than was my own.

Mar. Pardon thy menial slave, when first Obao
 Happy obtain'd a place in thy good favour :
 After which follow'd every princely honour
 You cou'd bestow, or he well pleas'd enjoy.
 You had a slave, who then you deigned to call
 The honest, faithful, unoffending Maran :
 Him your Obao long had envied, holding
 So high a situation in your notice;

And

And soon resolv'd by artful machinations,
By false insinuations, to pull down
From so exalted an eminence.—

Oron. Did he succeed? and cou'd Orontes listen
To ought in prejudice of his valued servant? [phant

Mar. You've made me bold to say, the tycho-
Overwhelm'd in ruin Maran and his family.

Oron. What followed that? did not Obao fall?

Mar. Rather it was said, he triumph'd in their
Overthrow; and by the prosperity of his schemes
Acquired more honour than he knew before. [ment,

Oron. 'Twas, false. Orontes ever from that mo-
To him the most afflicting of his life,
Despis'd Obao and his mean devices.

Mar. Gods! is't possible? and did my master
Relent at my destruction?

Oron. ———Go on,
Pursue the sharp heart-piercing narrative;
And teach Orontes better to distinguish
In future 'tween his friend and secret foe.

Mar. Thus, sir, Obao satisfied his ends,
And humbled Maran, who no longer favoured,
Lost with his prince's friendship and esteem,
His usual means of succour to a wife
And infant family, as yet unable
To support themselves, thrown on the world,
Depriv'd of shelter, bed and sustenance.
A dreary prospect to the man who once
Enjoy'd each pleasure life afforded,
Or all his prince's favours cou'd bestow.
What cou'd I do? my wife, my helpless infants,
All join'd in calling on their common father,
Now only able to reply with tears!
At length it pleas'd our spirit's holy wisdom,
When driven to the last extremity of want
To urge me sell our almost useless bodies
To Spanish merchants trading in our race.
Now, sir, imagine how your servant suffered,
To see the partner of his bed and life

Raking

Raking the bowels of the earth, to feed
 A cruel master: so unkind was fate
 To give us up to such unfeeling hands.
 But to be brief—I bleed as I reflect—
 I could not bear to see her so oppressed,
 Cou'd not endure my children's piercing cries,
 Of whom she always one upon her back
 Sustain'd together, with the day's fatigue;
 The other two, a little higher reared,
 Assisted not their mother, nor releiv'd her labour,
 But separate bore their shares of hard fatigue.
 If man cou'd bear it, I have acted vilely,
 My nature sicken'd at the dismal sight,
 And I at last, deluding of my keepers,
 Fled from them all. However, sir, I'm now
 Indulging hopes of soon procuring,
 By the interference of our governor,
 My family's enlargement, after two years
 Sufferings, all of which, except a week,
 I've shar'd the never-ceasing round of grief.

Oron. Now, Maran, hast thou done? yet if ought
 worse

Can possibly be added to the cruel sting
 Of this heart-rending scene of persecution,
 Redouble on my head thy wrongs in vengeance,
 And paint Orontes in thy second history,
 As most ungrateful for thy honest services:
 Not caring for the truest friend he had,
 Unmindful of the best among his subjects,
 Despising him who never once forsook
 His interest, or broke thro' his vow
 To serve his master.

Mar. Rather, my deluded master, shou'd call him
 Generous, worthy, noble and humane,
 Too good to others to be so himself.
 Retortion of Orontes' ills, I shou'd have thought
 Would best have occupied thy injured tongue
 Revenge and retribution for thy wrongs,
 Best now have call'd for all your indignation,
 Rather

Rather have rous'd thy just excited anger,
At sight of him who caus'd you so much woe.

Mar. Believe, me, prince, you never so wrong'd
Maran :

This day, has giv'n him more real transport,
Than when the sunshine of his fortune
Discovered him thy worthless favourite:
For I have heard, this day, my king and master,
Commiserate the sufferings of his meanest slave.

Oron. Recal that word : no longer to my power
Art thou a subject. Then, Maran, listen
While I reveal a method to thy ear,
Whereby at once thou may'st avenge thyself,
And return thy undoer's schemes upon his head.

Mar. If thousands were the tortures pointed out,
If from my hands cou'd issue vengeful flames
To crush in vengeance his ungenerous head,
I swear, that not a moment shou'd elapse,
Ere I would fly and tell my base oppressors,
That I forgave them from my inmost soul,
And tho' 'twas given me t' arrest their lives,
These thousand tortures shou'd o'erwhelm my own,
Before I'd exercise my new got power.

Oron. But what ! revenge is sweet, and so agreea-
To nature's dictates, that to take th' advantage.—

Mar. Of whom ? Of him who cou'd surprise
his prey,
Sleeping uncautioned ? No, surely that heart
That can destroy its fellow, is also capable,
Some time or other, itself to pine away.

Oron. Maran ! thy generosity might cost thee life.

Mar. That sooner than my name, which tho' so
poor,

Is Maran still, nor asks a greater.

Hear me, Orontes ! and the heav'ns can witness,
You never so offended Maran's feelings,
Nor flow'd his plenteous tears with more good will,
When first an outcast from his prince's bosom,
He wander'd from the world a sorrowing exile,

D

Than

Than now they cou'd bedew his hapless cheek,
To hear Orontes thus mistrust his servant.

Oron. Look round the world, survey the splend-
did domes

Of Asia's sons ! not one, thro' all, can boast
Of worth like Maran's.

Mar. ———— Hold, 'tis not fit
For such illustrious men to speak their thanks
Of servile objects, whom allegiance binds
To lay down life at their supreme command.

Oron. 'Tis nature's law, that man in gratitude,
No matter whether prince or humble subject,
With her, all have an equal right to breathe
In th' air; her bounty made alike for all,
Shou'd bend for service done, nor cou'd the prince
Sustain his throne, without his peoples aid.

Mar. However, fir, no time for parley now ;
You say, your situation is extremely
Dangerous, while expos'd to th' observation
Of our Town's people? you parade the streets
Without a refuge from their enquiry.
See, fir, beyond the corner of that pass,
On your right hand, there stands a little hut,
Whither my wife, as often as she can,
Deceiving her keepers, comes to meet me,
And till I can procure our liberty,
That is the only way we see each other :
That, fir, I now presume to offer you,
Poor as it is, it will afford you shelter
Till your affairs, of which, I shall be curious
Hereafter to entreat a history, shall once more
Be established as formerly.

Oron. Discovery of
My person does not affect me half so much
As to be conscious of inability
Sufficient to recompense your goodness :
But since 'tis plain, tho' urg'd to it by th' advice
Of a most artful villain, I repaid
Thy known attachment with so vile behaviour,

And

And for thy fidelity, return'd thee ruin,
 If my repentance can be best express'd
 By new professions of my anxiety,
 To gain, once more, the heart I justly forfeited,
 I cannot shew my thankfulness better
 Than by accepting of those friendly
 Efforts, which you so warmly press me to a trial of.

Mar. You cannot ask too much, I'm pleas'd to
 see you

At last, resolv'd to prove my heart's sincerity,

Oron. ——— Is't possible !

Scarce can I credit what I hear—*Maran*,
 Can you thus undervalue your existen,
 As to dare trust it in so hazardous
 An enterprize?—Then take these jewels,
 They're all I have to give; all I have left
 Of empire and extensive wide dominion:
 Go, they will purchase freedom for your family;
 If they were thousands, greatly insufficient
 Wou'd they be balanc'd in the heavier scale
 Of thy too gen'rous heart.—Away,
 We're notic'd.

This letter I wou'd wish to be convey'd
 To th' English General.

Mar. ——— To him, or any where;
 'Tis yours to order, and mine t' obey.
 Immediately——— [*gives him the letter.*]
 Give me the letter, and I'll undertake
 Ere night, to see it in the Gen'ral's hands.

Oron. Too gen'rous *Maran* !

Mar. In the mean time, sir, fly to my little hovel,
 It will secure you from the eyes of all;
 Adieu! and may success attend your servant,
 Never more gladly occupied. [*exit.*]

Oron. ——— Heav'n will reward thy
 Exalted generosity! which man ne'er equall'd
 Nor greater soul e'er fill'd a human breast.

Enter OBAO.

Who have we here? I hope he does not know me :
Ah! 'tis Obao—What, then, wou'd he more?
Is he not satisfied?—or is't my life
He's thus pursuing—I ought t' avoid him,
And fear his footsteps, as the traveller dreads
The basking snake, who, revelling in the sun,
Obstructs his journey homewards to his love.

Obao. Ah! shun me not, Orontes, that I've erred,
My tortur'd conscience tells me but too plain ;
Nature starts back, with sad reflection shrinks
At what I've done : I know my crime exceeds
The name of guilt itself, scarcely deserving
So mild an appellation : I'm all confusion,
Nor dare lift up my head to ask forgiveness.
My fault, the blackest that cou'd stain the heart
Of mortal——

Confounds me with the horrid recollection—
Oh! every sense awakes to th' heinous conduct.
Look on me, Orontes, or I'll die before thee :
Believe this heart with marbled hardness bound,
When first I lifted arms against my prince,
Now with conviction drown'd repenting melts,
And never more emerging from the sea
Of tears, which hides it with a gorging flood,
Shall rise, unless Orontes smiles a pardon. [*pray'r*]

Oron. How dar'st thou, villain, urge so bold a
What plea set'st up in favour of thy guilt?
Or how presume to sue for pardon here?
Go, monster, seek the friends thou hast acquir'd
In lieu of me : for what pursuest thou him
Who submitted to your arms? Or does thy sword
Unsatisfied desire Orontes' life? [*much,*

Obao. Go on, thou canst not now condemn too
Thy words are sweet, and tho' so hard they press,
Obao merits all, and must endure them.

Oron. Ah! wouldst thou usurp so good a name :
Obao was my friend, was virtuous,

Hum-

Humble, faithful, and sincere; nor wou'd have left
 His master to obtain a world of wealth;
 Wou'd not have sacrific'd his interest,
 If millions had compos'd the lure held out
 To draw him from his bosom: be witness, heav'n,
 Orontes ever cherish'd his fidelity,
 And lov'd Obao, as he lov'd his life.
 If I am thus requited, do thou pardon
 Him who thy servant stung too deeply, cannot.

[*exit.*]

Obao. So, I cou'd expect but this: I've pierc'd
 his heart,
 And now he hates me, as I once was dear;
 Despises him, who once was nigh't his love.
 Thus am I fix'd between two hostile seas,
 Whose waves contending buffet on the bark,
 Bound to some distant land, but knows not where,
 Till th' op'ning sky, reveals the nearest port;
 To that she steers, and boldly braves the might
 Of th' adverse foe, who then itself assists,
 By still pursuing to impel her onwards.

[*exit.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

An apartment in the Governor's house.

Enter DOTAS, and GOVERNOR.

Dotas. Sir, I obey'd your orders, and dispatch'd
 A party of soldiers to conduct
 The out residents within your walls;
 These I expect returning every hour.

Gov. You have our warmest thanks, for such
strict care

And good attention to our cause's welfare :
I have been busied in devising schemes
T'avert the threat'ned fury of our foes :
But find on recollection of our strength,
That Manilla wants nor men nor arms :
We have small cause to fear their boasting might.

Dotas. Myself, as you desir'd, have seen the
guards

At every post recruited with fresh men,
And all their numbers doubled, but especially
The gate, thro' which your adversaries think
So unexpectedly to gain a footing,
And seize the Citadel, ere we appriz'd
Had time to make a suitable resistance.
I have provided with a tripple guard
Of men and cannon, much as cou'd be brought
To bear upon the foe, and that enough to
Cut down their ranks, affrighted at the thought
Of so torrent'ous sudden ambuscade.

Gov. Like sheep they'll fly before the embol-
den'd wolf.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ladies below wait your Grace's pleasure.

Gov. Shew them up stairs immediately—and—

Dotas. Isabella, sir, as I expected.

And d'ye hear, see their attendants wait for
Nothing.

Gov. Be sure for nothing, d'ye hear? [*exit Serv.*]

Dotas. Now, sir, the fairest of the female sex
Waits for the moment to be introduc'd,
When if you do not say, she is the sweetest
Your eyes e'er saw, I shall be much deceiv'd.

Gov. But what, *Dotas*, do you mean to do with her
In a country so estrang'd to her ideas?

Dot. I mean to marry her, and that before the sun
Goes down twice more beyond the horizon:

But

But see, she comes, array'd in ev'ry charm
That heightens beauty, or excites the love
Of man, who she was first pro luc'd to bless.

Enter ISABELLA.

Welcome, my Isabella, to thy Dotas' arms;
Thy presence spreads delight incomparable
Thro' ev'ry nerve, and joys attend the hour
That like the sun, unveils thy beauteous face.

Isa. Protector of my life! too noble Dotas,
All health and happiness be with my friend
And second father! Isabella kneels
In heart-felt gratitude for the existence
She owes to thy benevolence and goodness.

Gov. Welcome, fair lady, to Manilla's town,
Where tho' you find us all engag'd in warfare,
That has its interval, when beauty's beams
May take the place of martial occupation,
And cast around a radiant burst of light,
Expelling every opposite sensation:
To its soft influence all things else resign;
War and ambition, each before it fly:
Th' admiring soldier falters in the midst
Of victory, to observe its milder charms,
And owns their conquest o'er his yielding heart.
Dotas, I will leave you, these first moments
Will be the sweeter, if enjoyed alone.

Meet me at the council in the evening. *[exit.]*

Dotas. By heav'ns, thy voice entrances every
feeling

In raptures inexpressible; nor knows thy Dotas
Such sweet sensation, but when thou art nigh,
Nor leaps his heart, but when his Isabella
Bids cheerfulness surround it, and dispels
With beauty's influence each encircling cloud,
Which she at distance, buries it in grief
And sadness, pining at his mistress's absence.
Then rise and bless me with a heav'n-born smile:

Ah ! why thus dejected ? Are ye not glad to see me ?
 Cannot the splendor of this kingly palace
 Produce as usual, all thy wonted gaiety,
 For which, above th' inferior croud of beauties,
 You are so much remark'd by all who chance
 Direct to a sight of those charms, which
 Dotas sav'd from th' open'd jaws of death,
 And robb'd the ocean of the greatest prize
 It ever ravish'd to its greedy bosom.

Isa. And heav'n will witness, Isabella, ever
 Mindful of th' indisputable duty
 She owes him, ne'er forgot
 To raise her prayers, for heaven to recompense
 One, who as for another, gift of breath,
 She was indebted to beyond the power
 Of all her strength sufficient to repay.

Dotas. Why, is not the existence you wou'd owe,
 Here, now your own, and you are at liberty
 To give me back the same I gave to you,
 Without the bias or controul of any? [revolts,

Isa. Except the heart, which at that thought
 And almost urges me t' enquire of Dotas,
 Whether I have not shewn sufficient
 Gratitude already in my conduct,
 And whether my deportment towards his person,
 Ever bespoke but meekness and submission?
 A deep felt sense of every obligation,
 As much as in my power it laid to show,
 As much as shou'd preserve me from being subject,
 Now to be required to give up all,
 That of the world's, my own, my simple self,
 Which tho' I boast and hold it at your hands,
 Is of so little value, it can never
 Be worth the seeking of ennobled blood.
 And sir, since I'm your own—
 By dint of magnanimity and kindness,
 If on those terms you thought my preservation
 Was worth effecting, let now the same gems

Which

Which in the eyes of him who all rewards
 Then grac'd thy breast, receive fresh lustre,
 And shew mankind, that you resign all claim
 Upon a heart yourself restor'd to life,
 And but for you, had been consign'd to darkness
 Irretrievable; then shall Isabella
 Call down all blessings on thy generosity,
 Too noble to enforce thy will on one
 You might command.

Dotas. After so energetic an appeal
 To his feelings, who you're inclin'd to style
 Your life's protector,
 I know not what to speak, or how to look:
 Likely the world wou'd say, was't to be told,
 That to my power I sacrific'd your nature;
 Because I held you captive at my will,
 I was imperious, cruel, and unjust;
 But I will clear myself from th' imputation.
 Ungrateful Isabella, I comply;
 You have, yourself, and your attractive charms,
 To act with as you please: go give them all
 To him who first shall ask you for the boon;
 For that, you mean, shall bless another's bosom;
 And try if any who wou'd love you more,
 And use you better—Then, Isabella, if
 The world shou'd scorn you, and not one shall offer
 To take her in, who left her hapless home,
 Search Dotas out, he will receive thee when
 The world forsakes its poor devoted victim;
 Then to these thankful arms retrace thy way,
 Still open, you will find them as before,
 Unfolded, to imbibe returning joy.

Isa. I'm all amazement! nor know how t' express
 My sensibility of this new kindness.

Dotas. What, Isabella, do you sure conceive
 It wou'd be kind to expose you to the world?
 Turn you out into a part of it, where the
 Savage is the only being to converse with?

Think

Think you these Indian woods would please you?
 Or wou'd it suit your gentle frame to rove
 Where nature wild affords no other covering
 But heav'n's canopy, and the scattered huts
 Of wandering natives, who perhaps might—
 Ah! Isabella, is not life more dear?
 Or wou'd you trust those limbs to th' Indian's mercy,
 Taught by his Gods to revel in the thoughts
 Of sacrifice and blood?

Isa. ——— Yet, sir, I think
 The Indian has a heart wou'd tell him
 That to assassinate a fellow creature.—— [bute

Dotas. Was doing what? was paying a just tri-
 To him, whose vengeance cou'd destroy himself?
 Do you not shrink at the heart-rending picture?
 But go and prove their generosity;
 I will put up my prayers to heav'n,
 T' avert all dangers from thee, since so cruel
 You are resolv'd to sacrifice yourself
 And all your charms, to savages, to brutes,
 Who, ignorant of the value of the jewel,
 Will scarcely gaze, and cast it whence it came.

Isa. Oh, sir, I know you've been to Isabella
 A second father, and as such, have lov'd her:
 When, but for you, she helpless must have perish'd,
 And nature sinking, was no longer
 Able to bear its earthly chains; near
 Had burst the last surviving link that bound
 In breath; thy kind interference brought back
 The dubitating spark, and rescu'd life:
 Then if you have the affection you pretend
 Convince her now——

As you have oft express'd her worldly happiness
 Is nighest your own, and say you will permit:
 She still, as Isabella, shall continue
 T' express her thankfulness, without the force
 Of wedlock's bands to draw her gratitude,
 Whither restrain'd, it cannot, shall not turn.

I will leave you, sir, to consider of
Isabella's petition.

[*exit.*

Dotas. Poor harmless creature, whither wou'd
you fly?

She's scarcely conscious of her cage's strength
To stay the flutterings of her wishful wings,
Eager for flight; but ah, so much depress'd,
They cannot rise obedient to its call,
And the sweet bird exasperated, beats
And plunges to get loose; its master knowing
What mis'ries its departure wou'd await,
Its pinions shorten'd, and itself enur'd
To warmth and shelter.

'Tis his duty to prevent it tasting
That cup it is not able to prejudge,
Big with the thoughts of starving liberty.

[*exit.*

S C E N E II.

An apartment in the Governor's house.

Enter URISSA.

Urif. Oh, my Orontes! still must I think on thee:
How transient every scene! what little pleasure
I feel, while all around me seems employed,
And every mind is busied and engag'd!
This hasty change to war's emblazon'd stage,
Lights up afresh those horrible ideas
Which rack my soul in th' absence of my love,
And which the needy soldier's narrative,
Who ask'd me for charity this morning,
Has cruelly multiplied, tho' I know not
How to believe it: and had not my father
Uncautiously let drop some scatter'd words
Expressive of Orontes' situation,
And which I dar'd not ask him t' explain.
Ah! what is that form that hastens tow'rd's myself,
And

And now approaches in so strange a hurry,
 As if impressed by some alarming cause;
 Surely 'tis him ! it is—it is himself,
 My lost Orontes—Is it possible !

Enter ORONTES.

Oron. Oh, my Urissa, what propitious fortune
 Has, in the midst of all my miseries,
 Blest me with a sight of thee, too sooth
 Each bitter care, and for a joyous moment,
 Dispels the low'ring clouds that blast my life ?

Urif. Perdition, and the worst of heav'n's curses
 Wait on the dastard enemies of him
 Who Gods can love; and angry vengeful plagues
 Catch the base wretch that dare disturb his peace:
 Then blest be th' heav'nly influence that restores
 Thus to Urissa's arms once more her love,
 And when despair had nigh o'erwhelm'd her life;
 Blest be the hand that pierc'd the dreadful gloom,
 Replacing darkness with unlook'd for light.

Oron. Again then, bless me, let my breast receive,
 Once more, those raptures, which 'tis heav'n to know.

Urif. Again let's meet, and meet to part no more;
 But unmolested revel in the sweets
 Love can alone bestow. To what unhappy
 Cause may I attribute your delay?
 Or what cou'd keep Orontes so long absent
 From her who dares to glory in his presence?
 I own, my mind has thought the strangest things.

Oron. Tho' rugged mountains, and the ocean's
 width

Shou'd raise their heads as barriers to my love,
 And envious strive to interrupt my passion,
 That passion shou'd conduct Orontes thro',
 And bear him up victorious in the midst
 Of hostile danger and opposing worlds,
 In vain conspir'd t' obstruct his arduous course:
 Then, my Urissa, I wou'd fly to thee

As

As to the goal where all my cares wou'd end.
 No, 'twas the Gods detain'd Orontes' hopes,
 Which, had not they bestow'd their acquiescence,
 No earthy power had held him from confirming
 A single moment; yes, 'twas they permitted,
 Or false Obao had imbib'd the fate
 Of him he so ungratefully has conquer'd;
 The rest, you learnt this morning by my letter.

Urif. You surprize me, Orontes! no letter
 Has ever reach'd these hands, nor of your ill
 Fortune have I ought heard 'till now; except
 This morning, ere we left my father's house,
 Pursuant to the orders of the Gov'nor,
 In common 'mong the other out residents,
 A soldier, hither——

Travelling, made up some incoherent tale
 Of your defeat, and by Obao too,
 Which only added to my disbelief,
 Because I knew how great a favourite
 Obao is, and therefore thought it likely
 It might be some imposture to deceive,
 Or perhaps but cloak to attract my pity;
 Methought his countenance, tho' much disguis'd,
 Was not unknown to me, and occasion
 Not allowing delays from the pains
 Which just at that moment occupied my
 Mind, I left him to continue to himself,
 What he had began so disagreeably to me.

Oron. Urissa, I'm astonish'd as I hear you.

Urif. What I have offer'd merits not a doubt.
 'Tis true; and I begin to think I've escap'd
 Some hidden snare; the more you are amaz'd,
 The more I too am involv'd in darkness and
 Uncertainty.

Oron. Then know, Urissa, briefly, that Obao,
 Once the best friend my bosom ever claim'd,
 Has prov'd a vile, ungenerous, faithless traitor,
 Stolen from my cause; and in the very moment
 I thought him busy in promoting its

Future

Future weal, and advising in its defence,
 Fled to my uncle, and——
 Repaid my friendship, with supporting one,
 Who envious of my growing happiness,
 Has ever been devising its destruction :
 Suffice it then to say, their arms have prosper'd,
 Mine on the other hand, have been debased.
 No stately crown now hides my prince's brow,
 Nor riches now to sanction all I do :
 No longer flatt'ers seek to give the pref'rence
 To all I wish, or ask, or wou'd have done:
 All's now no more ; the hut wou'd better suit
 Orontes' future prospect, than the palace,
 And his degraded name now ranks the lowest
 Of his once numerous slaves.
 Say, am I chang'd with you ? has my condition
 Rendered me unworthy of your smiles ?

Urif. Unkind Orontes ! could I have deserved
 This at his hands, who, when a splendid throne
 Adorn'd his outward form, his inmost soul
 Remaining spotless—in the midst of empire
 Deign'd to look on the indigent *Uriffa*,
 The daughter of an abject cottager ?
 I could almost
 Suspect you meant t' upbraid me with the lot,
 Which, tho' so poor, you once beheld and honour'd
 With marks of approbation in the face
 Of all your uncle's vain remonstrances,
 Who wou'd have had you look to a nobler
 Partner, one more suitable to your high
 Station ; had you obey'd his voice, *Uriffa*,
 Perhaps, had never met this keen reproach ;
 Yet, may I not deserve it, for presuming
 To indulge a wish for greatness.

Oron. Come, my *Uriffa*,
 Be not too harsh ; you know I love you,
 Nor wou'd the Indies show a wealthier spot,
 Or more acceptable to me than where
Uriffa's hut conceals its mistress's eyes,
 Outvying in luxuriancy of

Bright-

Brightness, "the glist'ning radiance of"
 The fairest stone that earth prolific holds.
 What, tho' my oppressive
 Uncle shou'd with a thousand threats and more,
 Commanding force of war, with all its horrors,
 Essay to rob me of my dearest right,
 My nature's will, and force me to immediate
 Compliance with his wishes, or oblige
 The victim of his lawless vast ambition,
 Directly to relinquish all pretence
 To future joy, in case of disobedience;
 Am I, because the force of power prevails,
 And tyranny deprives me of my sceptre?
 Am I, because my arms no longer reign,
 To hinder nature's servile inclination?
 Nor seek in poverty those, who when in pow'r,
 Could pay me gratitude for all my smiles,
 Now the fair equals of my humbled lot?
 But, my Urissa, I am much perplex'd,
 As to the matter of my wandering letter;
 Sadly I fear, some secret enemy
 Watchful to spoil me of my inward peace,
 And his ready offering to serve me;
 Adds also greatly to my suspicions,
 That he, into whose hands I gave 't for you,
 And who, under the cloak of a domestic
 Of your father's, swore to deliver it
 Accordingly; was not unacquainted
 With our affection, which, till then,
 Had lain unknown to any, save Obao,
 Nor even Dotas knew the second object.

Urif. Your apprehensions, howsoever great,
 Cannot exceed mine: I know not what to
 Think, or how to reconcile so obscure
 A matter to probability.
 Was he who you accosted, habited
 As a travelling soldier? were his looks
 Pinched, or emboldened? for 't has more than once,
 During your conversation occurred to me,
 That 'twas the very same, who begg'd my alms.

Oron.

Oron. And I, had not the followers of my flight
 Assured me, that Obao was employ'd
 And busy in collecting of the spoils
 Of the defeated army, could in his
 Face, who deceiv'd me as your father's servant,
 Since paint Obao's person in disguise ;
 Whoe'er 't has been, unless a real friend,
 Will if he reads, discover my intentions
 Of leading the remaining scatter'd files
 Of my disjointed army, to th' English,
 As I at first propos'd. [hopes.

Uris. Our Gods shall crush the perjur'd traitor's

Oron. Oh, had I never stray'd from honour's
 paths,

Nor for a moment, lost the thoughts of serving
 Those, who my duty and alliance made
 My prior objects, to enjoy one look
 On her, and in her bosom to exchange
 Awhile my griefs, for sweeter gentler scenes
 Of love and happiness, of joys ineffable,
 I had never lost
 My liberty, nor thus had been surpriz'd,
 Enthrall'd in this inhospitable town.—
 But now, Urisa, we must bid farewell,
 And tho' mayhap 'twill be but for a while,
 And heaven may chance permit us meet again.
 While I am here to enemies expos'd,
 And in the midst of those who closely watch,
 Ready to ensnare me if I but move :
 All is around me terror and dismay.
 We must part now, 'twill be but expedient
 For both of us—Remember then, Obao,
 Who at this hour's within these palace walls,
 Beware of him, he has betray'd his master,
 And wou'd not hesitate a moment to supplant
 Him in his love, which, my Urisa,
 Is all on earth I now can call my own.

Uris. Yet stay, nor leave me thus so near to danger,
 So liable to insult, by the man

Who

Who from this hour, my heart abhors, detests;
 Nor ever more, Orontes, be assur'd
 He has its friendship in the least degree :
 But oh ! continue still to guard my breast,
 'Tis weak, nor knows how to defend itself
 Apart from him who is its chief protector.

Oron. Go to thy father, he will protect you best :
 While here I stay, I'm in the midst of death ;
 Go then, nor think upon Orontes more,
 Till he returns restor'd to life and freedom :
 In the mean time, I can confide in you,
 And trust your own integrity to guard you.
 Away ! put up your prayer to ev'ry god,
 Invoke their influence to protect him, who,
 While you are faithful, wants no other pledge.
 Assur'd of that, he braves each threat'ning foe,
 Nor seeks a shelter but in that from woe ;
 Though death and all its horrors strive t'annoy,
 That shall light up th' expiring spark of joy
 Within his breast, and lift him to the sky. [*exit.*]

Uriel. Is he then gone ? and can his cruel foes
 Find such great cause to seek his victim life ?
 What has he done ? what said t' excite their envy,
 Or raise their malice 'gainst his harmless head ?
 Or is't his innocence, his known integrity,
 His noble soul, that now combining, has
 Produc'd this dark'ning storm, which ready threats
 To burst on his devoted life ?
 Yes, curst Obao, it
 Was you, you first deceiv'd him ; left him to
 The mercy of his uncle's anger, when you shou'd
 With all your might have striv'd to save him,
 And with your own, if wanted, guarded his.

E

Enter

Enter OBAO, behind, drags back URISSA across the Stage.

Obao. So much sweet breath exhal'd in angry spleen
Can be recruited but with calm repose;
Therefore alternate you shall taste the change,
And try if when the object's out of sight
It will not all subside. Go then, and when
Your boiling spirit is something quell'd,
Again I'll see you. Come, conduct her off—
[URISSA is taken off.]

Urisa. Oh! where wou'd you drag me. Wretches stand off.
Help me, O Orontes! O my father, rescue,
Rescue thy devoted child, or I'm undone.
[Exeunt Omnes.]

Enter KASI immediately.

Kasi. What meant that cry, as of some hapless female?

My eyes do not deceive me. My Urisa!
My daughter in the arms of two Ruffians,
Struggling for life.—See where they drag her,
And now they force her helpless long the ground.
Hark! how she cries. Oh heaven, preserve my child.
[Running off with his Sword drawn. OBAO meets him.]

Obao. Put up thy sword, old man, 'tis
Useless now: she's safe, and past thy strength
To rescue.—She's mine, in spite of thy weak
Efforts, or more decrepid sword, to repossess;
Therefore content thyself, I'll give my word
She shall not be ill us'd, but be as safe,
Remain as harmless as if the tender
Tame Orontes had her in his clutches.

Kasi.

Kafi. Off, vaunting monster, 'tis not you or him,
So well I know my daughter's unshaken
Firm integrity not to be compelled,
Can move her to retreat a wrongful step.

Obao. There *Kafi* stop; nor urge me to the weapons
My heart abjures, unless too far incensed.
Obao's name sustains a wound it seeks not to deserve,
By drawing blood where nature almost cold
Would shrink at thoughts of losing, tho' so rash
It dares now tempt me.

Kafi. Intolerable impudence! villain!
I dare thee to the worst thy boasted youth
Can urge thee to attempt on this old breast:
Therefore this instant I demand my child;
Urissa shall be given to these arms
Which else perhaps in spite of all thy vaunting
May teach thee how again to rob a parent
Of his most valuable treasure.

[*shows a letter.*]
Here in this letter read the dreadful sentence
Denounc'd against thee for thy heinous crimes,
Thy humbled master seeks to be reveng'd
And tho' a while his anger is suspended,
Ere long it comes upon thy perjured head
And crushes false *Obao* in a moment.

Obao. Give me that letter, 'tis the same I lost
This morning.

Kafi. Take it, and blush as you
Peruse its dire portentous warning.

Obao. I'm once again provided with my charge:
This now will greatly strengthen ev'ry evidence
Occasion may require for me t' adduce
Against *Orontes*.

Kafi, desist, I cannot lose more time
In childish wrangling;
Another opportunity shall give you that
Your heart desires.

Exit Obao.

Kafi. Opprobrious coward! Is't thus I'm to be
foil'd,

My threats derided and my honour laugh'd at,
My child polluted, and myself look'd on
As one who urges but for urging sake,
What he nor means or is afraid to effect.
Heaven! is't thus my name's to be insulted
By reptiles viler than the earth itself?
Restore my child, preserve her from the jaws
Of a most despicable villain! and
For the rest, his traitor's blood
I ask not; let it continue to pour thro' his veins
Till it shall stink of sin and be infected
So highly with the blight of wickedness
That man shall shun him as a dang'rous weed
Whose root is poisoned by the season's blast;
So all avoiding what they dare'n't approach,
Shall leave the wretch amid the world's expanse
A solitary, lonely wandering serpent,
Whose bite no longer can endanger any
Of thousands round him, till he bites himself,
And thus in madness ends his vile career.

[*Exit Kafi.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Governor's House. Enter GOVERNOR with a letter in
his hand—DOTAS following.*

Gov. Dotas, see here, observe what treas'nous plots
Thy dastard nephew harbours in his breast;
Against our town. Come, give me thy advice,
It's author too the same who but this morning
Our soldiers seis'd lurking without Manilla's walls,
And

And whose story appeared so plausible
That was impossible
To discover the subterfuge.

Dotas. Ah what!

My nephew here at large, who scarce an hour
I thought Obao's arms had overtaken. [*reads the letter*

"Orontes to his friend and ally Massarene, Com-
mander of the armies of England; sends
greeting.

Most noble Sir, Though I am
prevented from meeting you according to agree-
ment, my duty at least commands me to assure you
of my undiminished attachment to your cause and
my determination never to forsake that which I re-
vere before the world—to be brief, since this morn-
ing (when you would no doubt by the messenger
I dispatched on our arrival at this Island, under-
stand the cause of the delay was no other than the
extraordinary length of a most dangerous voyage,
and in which we lost numbers of men through ex-
treme fatigue) my situation is wonderfully reversed
—I was then a king, and am now a close prisoner
within the walls of this town. Suffice it to know
my mind has not changed with the place, in which
I have already through the information of my own
eyes been able to gain no small advantage; therefore
that I am still the same friend, though my capaci-
ties to assist you, are considerably lessened, let the
following intelligence evince.—The enemy here,
from my information firmly believe you intend
making an attack on the eastern gate; and in con-
sequence, have greatly increased its defence (now
the same counsel I purposed offering, had we
chanced to have met as proposed is, that I am at
present also about to communicate) By day-break,
let a very strong body of your troops, with as much
secrecy as possible, fall on the western side of the
town, which I perceive to be in a very defenceless

state, and through a postern, directly over which you will observe the citadel ; I trust, you may be assured of gaining all you wish for, while the unsuspecting Spaniards, in the moment of their surprize, will oppose very little resistance to your efforts. The haste I am obliged to write in, makes me omit much ; however, that what you will find here may be enough to ensure you success, and your enemies confusion is the ardent hope of your unfortunate ally.

ORONTES.

The few troops who have with me survived the general wreck of my fortune, I hope will arrive in time under the conduct of my general Crasso and prove acceptable, though so small in number."

Admirable deceit, forsooth.

However, sir, it shall be my business

To frustrate this attempt.

Gov. To you then we confide the weighty trust
Of so important an enterprize :

It on the other hand, shall be my care

To strengthen every post, more especially

That thro' which they hope to gain this entrance
Themselves ; but

However, now shall feel their own designs

And what they form'd for us, must bury them.

[Exit Governor.

Dotas. Thus then it is my nephew dares to hope
For better days, in spite of all my efforts,
Which fruitless, as he trusted, might have prov'd,
Had not chance thrown this letter in my way
To counteract these secondary views.

Enter Servant.

Go ; send the man, the soldiers just now took.

[Exit Servant.

The messenger of such triumphant tidings

Must be secur'd, while one, an adversary, is

Now

Now dispatch'd directly to the foes
As from Orontes, with the happy letter.

Enter Servant.

Serv. The man they just now seiz'd, sir, has escap'd.

Dotas. Escap'd! and what vilehand has let him go?

Serv. Soon as't was known the prisoner had elop'd
A party were dispatch'd to bring him back,
And there's no doubt by this he's overtaken

Dotas. Curse on their woman's strength that
suffered him. *[Exit Servant.]*

What next's to be pursu'd? the man is gone
From whom alone we cou'd have obtained
True information of his master's refuge;
And now again they're brewing o'er their schemes.
Thus my intentions are at once defeated,
And something new remains to be devis'd
Whereby to crush the fervour of this petty
Tyrant who in the midst of death laughs at
His chains.

He's here; Obao, who my heart pursues
With jealous anger at his late success

Enter OBAO.

Obao. Yet sir, permit me to approach your
goodness.

Dotas. So he continues still to seek my friendship:
Yes! his advice may be of great utility

Obao I'm inclined to listen. *[Obao's soul,*

Obao. By heaven's those words have cheer'd
Grown dull by reason of its master's anger.

Then sir, I shall immediately presume
Upon your candour, and proceed to ease
My burthen'd character by throwing
On it the light you seem inclin'd to suffer.

Dota. I am convinc'd, forgive, Obao
Your erring friend; my conduct shame's me

I knew not how great the service you had lent,
And watchfully afforded to our cause.

Obao. Where there's no wound
No cure is requisite; I'm honour'd if
Once you commend me to your good esteem
After so short, tho' painful absence.

Dotas. Yes, let our hearts be link'd by firmer ties
Than ever; two powers thus join'd in
Fast alliance, awe the numerous states,
And teach obedience to a thousand others [might.
Who round them wou'd attempt t'oppose their

Obao. Then sir, observe with what effrontery
Your nephew after his repulse has wrote
To a soft female, Kafi's beauteous offspring,
Describing the malevolence, as he styles it
Of his ambitious enemy, his uncle,
And that vile hireling of his *Obao.*

[gives *Dotas* the letter.

Dotas. Yes, I cou'd smile at such a wretched
shelter

From his disgrace; but 'tis the first time I
Have heard the name of her he dar'd to love,
So mean an object too as Kafi's daughter.

Obao. Th' affection has been sir,
Of some duration, I myself oppos'd it,
And turn'd his rival when he thought I was
Negotiating for him with the lady's love.

Dotas. No matter now; Kafi perhaps will know
Ere long what t'was to admit my nephew's
Addresses to his daughter in my face,
In the mean time far greater objects claim
Our two fold counsel; for briefly know,
Orontes, here within Manilla's walls
Survives your victory, and lifts his heart
To thoughts of greater magnitude, to views
You little wou'd suspect should occupy
One in his situation.

Obao

Obao. Sir, I am acquainted
 With his arrival hither, for scarce an
 Hour ago I saw him in the street, lost
 In deep meditation, and revolving
 No doubt, this weak attempt to gain once more
 By cunning stratagem his forfeit liberty.
 Read then this letter, and you'll soon perceive
 What truly was the business he was sped on.

[Dotas gives him a letter.]

Obao. Is't possible he can thus far expel
 The dark despair his mind must have imbibed
 On his yet late defeat to cherish hopes
 Like these?

Dotas. Well then, I purpose instantly to go
 Myself to th' English army with the letter
 Disguis'd as from Orontes; in the mean,
 Strict orders have been given, to let none
 Out of the city, so that they'll not know
 Of the disaster befallen their ally,
 My virtuous nephew, or this sudden stopping
 Of his letter; there, as Orontes's Messenger
 I shall be detained, and be allowed
 T' observe each motion in the English camp,
 And as the real guide, conduct them to
 The fatal gate! the place of instant death!
 How different from the gate they'll hope to see!

Obao. The enterprize is bold; if't saves the town
 How will Manilla thank her brave protectors.
 Away, and prosper, I can anticipate
 Your other wishes to your satisfaction.
 Orontes shall be secured, I've watch'd him close
 From the first moment of my seeing him,
 And he must fall a prey to my endeavours,
 He must and will! nor shall my hands desist
 Till in possession he is safe retain'd.

Dotas. Them and Orontes, in one cause engag'd
 Shall by the powers of our united force

Together

Together sink in one disgraceful hour. [ecution

Obao. Our schemes now wait but for quick ex-
Too long delayed ; who knows but they may fail?

Dotas. Farewell, but have a care your promis'd
prey

Is well secured, so as t' ensure our conquest,
Nor spare his life, if it shou'd be requisite. [glory;

Obao. Nought shall escape that can enhance its
But were the blood of thousands found expedient
T' adorn the sacrifice—*Obao swears*

Once more to spill the greater half of lives. [exeunt.

Enter KASI in meditation—ISABELLA follows.

Isa. Yonder's my keeper, seemingly distressed;
I'll e'en accost him ; in this situation,
He will, perhaps know how to pity me.
Your daughter, sir :

How far's she ? I've mist her now an hour ;
But hope nought ill has happened to one who
Has ever been so good to Isabella.
In her misfortunes, been so sweet a friend.

Kasi. Yes, madam, in your misfortunes I can
Participate, myself so well am learnt—
I've lost my child ; my poor *Urissa's* gone !

Isa. Gone ! is it possible ! and whither, *Kasi* ?

Kasi. Torn from her father's, to a villain's arms,
Who at this moment, triumphs at my wrong,
Laughs at my sorrow in my very face.

Isa. Yes ! from my soul, I feel your every pain,
Each stroke of anguish : how your tortur'd bosom
Must beat at such a loss ?

Kasi. Then madam, as
So lively part you take in my sad fortune
Pardon me, I've ever been as kind to you,
And in my custody, you've seen, I trust,
As much comfort as your situation
Wou'd permit me—if I now ask a small behest—

Isa.

Isa. Ask it! and if Isabella can do ought
To assist you as an acknowledgment
Of your goodness it shall readily be done.

Kafi. To intercede with Dotas to procure
My daughter's freedom 'tis his greatest friend
That retains it from her, and with it her
Manifest affliction.

Isa. So easy a prayer shall be complied with.

Kafi. Madam, you I know,
Have influence sufficient over him
To ask whate'er you please and it is done:
'Tis all the remedy I've left.—If't succeeds
You have my prayer to ev'ry fav'ring god
Propitious to restore you to your own
Country, to your parents, and your friends,
To all you seem so anxious to obtain.

Isa. Kafi, I thank you, but inform me how
The doubtful efforts of our English foes
Against this town succeed; or does Manilla,
Still braving their attempt, hold out her flag
Determin'd to survive no fatal blow?

Kafi. Bolder than ever, as I understand
The townsmen are resolved to perish
Sooner than lose a stone from off their walls
Not properly reveng'd! The enemy again
Flush'd with the prospect of so rich a prize
Continue to oppose their mightiest force
And unfatigu'd exert their utmost efforts
To gain what these on th' other hand defend
So resolute.

Isa. 'Tis well, the balance equally suspended
Still dubious hangs, unless some fav'ring stroke
Of art or arms preponderate on the side
Of England, and destroy Manilla's walls:
And be assur'd, my best endeavours shall
Not be remiss in your behalf.

[*exit Kafi.*
Alas!

Alas! Kafi! how much more my own cares demand
 Relief; myself the only one to plead redress.
 Yes! my Uriffa, I cou'd feel for you,
 But self attention must be my first care;
 Dotas has left the palace and myself,
 With none but Kafi to o'erlook my actions.
 Yes! my rebellious heart at that presumes
 A favouring opportunity t'escape.
 How vain! and tempts to seize it e'er too late,
 Dotas returns, and all my schemes are lost.
 And that none knows how soon 't may happen,
 But yet a something urging on my thought
 Bids me not let an hour so fair go by.
 The window of my own apartment now,
 Alternate also lights a flattering spark
 Of visionary joy, resolv'd I'll prove the charm
 And trust the friendship of the fav'ring god
 Who thus says, "On!" and promising success
 A safe arrival at the English Fleet
 By Dotas unsuspected, till the arms
 Of England lay Manilla all in ashes,
 And securing last what Dotas efforts then
 To repossess will be for ever vain.
 Among my friends in life! in liberty!

[exit.]

 A C T IV. S C E N E II.

*The Outside of the Town. Back of the Governor's House.
 Night, Moonlight.*

*Enter MASSARENE followed by a SOLDIER.
 ISABELLA at a Window in Man's disguise.*

Massarene. Tis full three hours now past the
 time appointed
 By our Ally, Orontes, for a meeting

Under

Under this wall, which hides the governor's house
 Nor the supply
 He promis'd us of men and arms; together
 With provision is yet arriv'd.
 A Soldier, as he plundered
 A homely cottage, left by its possessors
 (Who fearful, as 'tis suppos'd
 Of this avenging war had fled from home safer
 To hide themselves within Manilla's
 Bulwarks) found this rich casket of jewels—
 I bought them of him, for methought I knew
 Their owner; since that, it has occurred
 Most strongly to me they belong to her
 Who as this morning, I had clim'd a hill
 To observe the motion of our enemies,
 Escap'd my desirous arms which long'd t' enjoy
 A balmy kiss from off the roseate lips
 That with the brightness of the orient sun
 So sweetly vied; for, sometimes with my eyes,
 Sometimes with my feet, the tim'rous fair
 Alternate I pursued, till as I thought,
 I saw her at a distance make to the cot
 Whence these were taken.

What's that!

[*Isabella sings.*]

How sweet that voice! Heaven's, I'm all in rapture,
 My whole system obeys the influence
 Of those enchanting notes, sing on, sweet bird,
 And fill my listning ear with heavenly transport.

Isa. Stranger, if ever pity reach'd thy heart
 Now let her voice arrest it in behalf
 Of one who here confin'd, oppress'd, enslav'd
 By tyrant pow'r, bemoans a distant home
 And cries unheard by, foes inexorable;
 Men who but deride my miseries untold
 That voice I know to be my countrymens,
 And I too know they well are taught to feel
 For others woes with sympathizing goodness.

Mass.

Mass. What can this mean? he wou'd solicit me,
An enemy, to aid him, if I understand
His purpose, to escape from out the house?
The mystery is inexplicable:

I know not how to answer with safety. [heart

Isa. Oh! cou'd I powerful touch your generous
With misery's tale, or time allow'd to paint
My grief in deeper colours, I cou'd sound
Your pitying breast to lend me all the aid
I now do want; and from a countryman.

Mass. That voice betrays thee for my
Countryman, but my situation now
Denies the aid I otherwise cou'd give.

Isa. Fear not, no prying eye can see you,
No hostile arm is near to do you ill;
Assist me to escape this hated place,
And when in England, we shall be arriv'd
No price shall be too great for your reward,
No gratitude sufficient for the kindness.

Mass. Young-man, take my advice, wait patiently
Th' event of our attack upon Manilla;
If we succeed, your liberty's secure;
Therefore content thyself with that, and pray
For the prosperity of our efforts.
Counsel is all the assistance I can lend
To one in your condition, and consistent
At present with my own security.

Isa. In the mean time, my fate will be determin'd,
Myself delivered up unpitied to
The cruel arms of tyranny and power
Immutable, tho' England prosper'd in
Accomplishing Manilla's downfall
And tho' they triumph, one who claims the name,
The honour of being by birth a brother
And fellow countryman, must spite of all,
Fall irrevocably a sacrifice,
If not releas'd before th' uncertain hour.

Mass.

Maff. As for one who the same country with myself—

Enter DOTAS with the Letter.

Dotas. Ah! what is't I see? Isabella
In conversation with an English soldier
Who bears no common aspect, but appears
To hold some high station in the army—
I'll watch them awhile—sure there's no fear
Of an elopement with him? *[aside.]*

Maff. Produced, I own I can commiserate
Your unfortunate situation—but
Ah! he's gone, and so sudden too! as
If some one had overheard him—what meant
That bended hand as if to forewarn me
Of some one approaching; perhaps, Orontes,
Let's see, where is he?

Dotas. 'Tis not, Orontes,
But a servant of his charg'd with a message
Of the last importance to your English cause,
This letter he directed me to deliver
To the commander of the British army
Besieging Manilla, and I see you are
An Englishman, therefore you can give it
To him; but take care he does receive it,
And none but himself.

Maff. You say this comes from Orontes?

Dotas. It does;
And it is rather lucky I have met
One of his friends so soon.

Maff. Ralpho, come here, *[enter RALPHO.]*
Conduct this man safely to the camp,
Myself will follow speedily.

Dotas. My master
Expects, Sir, my return; he'll wish to know
How his letter has succeeded.

Maff. Begone,
Manilla's smoking Walls shall e'er the sun

Gains

Gains his next meridian, convey
 To your master every happy tiding,
 Nor shall a moment
 Be lost in expediting the blest news
 Which proud Manilla shall submit to hear.

[*Exeunt RALPHO and DOTAS.*

Or Massarene belies his plighted oath,
 Now sworn to free Orontes or to perish;
 Prepare, Manilla then, to meet thy fall:
 Oppose each stratagem and powerful art
 To avert the impending blow, and thus
 Enhance the splendour of our conquest.
 Yes, your advice, Orontes, shall be followed;
 And thro' the fatal gate yourself marks out,
 Shall life and liberty, with endless fame,
 Bless the desponding heart of an Ally;
 One who we're proud to own, and Massarene swears
 By heaven's assistance, quickly to deliver.

[*ISSABELLA returns to the Window.*

He's return'd.

I/a. Hard hearted England,
 And still more cruel son of noble Britain,
 Farewell; 'tis now too late, I am discover'd,
 And ev'ry hope is vanish'd into air
 Not lighter than my countrymen to me.
 Oh! may ye prosper o'er the hostile foe,
 And overwhelm Manilla with destruction;
 May brightest fortune lend a fav'ring arm,
 And with immortal wreathes of glory crown
 Victorious England, never to imbibe
 Misfortune's bitter portion, but elate
 With bright success experience every joy
 Triumphant arms and liberty can give.
 Farewell, 'tis you who claim th' exalted sound
 Of fair Britannia's son, alone you taste
 The sweets of freedom with their proper relish:
 You best can tell how dear are those enjoyments

She

She on her children frugally bestows,
Therefore can judge how eager all alike
Seek the rich blessing—but I must be gone.

Mass. Yet stay, methinks I cou'd assist you now;
My heart begins to soften at your tale,
And at the miseries of a fellow countryman
At last relents—Leap on; my open arms
Shall break your dangerous fall—fear not.

Ha. My guards, in watchful ambuscade,
Eye all my motions—
'Tis now too late—take this. [*throws out a Picture.*

Perhaps when you
Return victorious to your native shore,
You may discover the image of that face
To the best likeness; 'tis my last request
You'll give it up, and say how I essayed
Myself to bring it—blest wou'd then have been
The happy day, but I am now prevented
From ever seeing it, and must leave with you,
That sad remembrancer of my afflictions. [*exis.*

Mass. Isabella! stop another moment and—
Ah! she is gone, irrevocably gone:
Curse on my cold indifference! my coward heart!
Where were those eyes, who the dear countenance
Cou'd not discern
From the rude aspect of the darker man?
Yes, these are thy features! this sweet face is thine,
And tho' the painter made the mother look,
The daughter's image all expressive speaks.
For this Manilla swift destruction waits,
Thy tow'ring ramparts, vying with the clouds—
This must thy citizens, thy wealthy town,
Soon expiate, and with bewailings of thy dying
Infants, families and friends,
Pay the large ransom of my Isabella.
She asks it, I obey; nor prayers recall
My word once passed: under this heavenly image

I now defy your sons to battle. This
 Be my shield, this crush your aspiring walls,
 And trampling on their heads, drench all the streets
 Of great Manilla, with her childrens blood.
 Under the cover of the heavenly gift
 Shall those presumption leads t' oppose its force
 Feel my avenging arm, not yet too late
 Or vainly raised. So grant it, bounteous heaven,
 Tho' Massarene ill deserves a second favour.
 Tremble those bulwarks! proud Manilla bleeds
 A sumptuous victim at her beauty's shrine. [*exit MAS.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E III.

URISSA'S Room.—*Enter OBAO.*

Obao. At length, each moment I expect will bring
 The welcome news of his imprisonment;
 My rival thus secur'd, Urissa's mine.
 Madam, once more allow me to
 Approach those beauties which so late disorder'd,
 By passion blinded, and a false contempt
 For one who asks no more than, O Urissa,
 A single smile to make him much more blest
 Than gods themselves or man, tho' gods descend
 And pour down favours with celestial hands.

Uri. Why, false Obao, why this arch deceit?
 Or to what end assum'd but to destroy,
 As thou hast done thy master's happiness,
 Urissa's too? he could repel by force,
 Tho' vain, what you by force attempted.
 Me of a sex less able to oppose
 Strength to your strength, and thus confin'd you hope
 To ruin also; but remember when
 Obao dares attempt to wound the eace

Of

Of a mind already discompos'd beyond
 The power of reparation by his art;
 This knife avenging's plung'd into his heart,
 And blood for blood must expiate those crimes
 He has so villainously committed
 Against Orontes and his angry gods.

Obao. Then hear, *Urissa*, if *Orontes* back
 I shall restore, will you forgive me then,
 And drown *Obao's* fault in his delivery?

Urissa. 'Tis now too late, you have ensur'd success
 To all your schemes, by following hither to
 Ensnare his life, yet that preserved, I swear
 All to forget; but nothing short of that
 Gains my forgiveness or *Obao's* pardon.

Obao. Oh! yes, I will, will liberate *Orontes*,
 Restore him to his kingdom, whence so base
 I thrust him, and confess my numerous faults,
 Wou'd my *Urissa* grant this single boon.

Urissa. His freedom shall be to you whate'er
 You ask—preserve him from the secret snares
 His uncle has invented 'gainst his life;
 I promise a reward equal to your demands,
 Not too exorbitant.

Obao. Oh cou'd I
 Be blest with language half so kind as what
Orontes can command from that sweet tongue!

Urissa. Restore him, and again I swear, nought shall
 Be wanting to *Obao* that can bring him
 Remuneration equal to the act
 Which shall his name ennoble to futurity.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. *Orontes*, Sir.

Obao. Stop, no more, if he's secur'd, she must not
 Be made acquainted with it, lest I forfeit for ever
 Her good will, and lose my prize. *[aside]*

Urissa. *Orontes*! what of him? go on, I'll hear it.

Obao. 'Tis my command you utter not a word—
Forbear, *Urissa*, he is safe, fear not.

Urissa. I know he's safe, but safety holds not good
When dealing of't's committed to a traitor;
Tell me, (*Orontes*) does he live or not?

Obao. He lives indeed, but cease to importune us.

Urissa. Think not so easy to lock up my lips;
I ask you, lives *Orontes*, or he's fallen
A martyr to thy perfidy?

Obao. Since then
Intreaties cannot stop thy wand'ring tongue,
That knows not what 'twould ask.—Go on,
Corrigidor, and give us a detail
Of all your mission, from the time I first
Dispatch'd you to discover his retreat
Thence forward 'till its failure or success.

Cor. After much needless searching round the town,
Wherever we suspected him conceal'd;
A little hut, whose situation on
The outskirts of yon street, much fav'ring his
Desire to keep himself unseen, at length
Produc'd him to our sight.

Urissa. Go on—What next
Suggested your barbarity, when you
Had found your victim?

Cor. On this we entered.
And attempting to secure our prisoner,
A man, whose name we after learnt was *Maran*,
Impetuous rush'd upon us and refus'd
To let him go, swearing our lives shou'd pay
If we resisted; but *Orontes*, much
More mild, intreated his companion
To desist and peaceably permit the
Officer to secure him; which after much
Persuasion was complied with, tho' most
Reluctantly it seem'd on th' other's part;
But as we were about to lead him out,

The wife and infants, as we also learnt,
Of his companion, hung upon Orontes'
Arms, and seem'd to thank him for some favour.
We cou'd not rightly understand the cause
Whence such profusion of attachment to
His person shou'd arise.

Urissa. Pursue your tale—

Did not your heart relent in pity at
So piercing a sight?

Cor. With much ado we
Drew him from their embraces, which almost
Refused him to us; but prevailing, we
As you commanded.——

Obao. Now *Urissa* hears
What she so anxiously requested to
Be inform'd of, and perhaps her heart
May sooner melt, than theirs who cruel took
Him, who her tears will never more avail;
Therefore the rest we will postpone.

Urissa. We'll not.
Out with it all; the more you have atchiev'd
The greater curses I upon your heads
Will heap, till, was it in my power t' effect,
I'd overwhelm you as you've best deserv'd
Who could deprive the innocent of life.

Obao. Corrigider, continue then; his life
You have not touch'd, for I enjoin'd you that.

Cor. We dragg'd him to the Lazaretto, where,
Till further orders, Sir, from you, we've left him.

Obao. 'Tis well, you have done right, here take
the small

Reward I promis'd you, and so begone. [*Exit COR.*
Now then, *Urissa*, you're persuaded that
Orontes' life, at least, is in no danger.

Urissa. What means that artful implication?
Is it not sufficient, basest of men,

To rob him of his liberty; but what
Comes after it his life, his forfeit life!
Determines all, and deifies his name.

Oboa. Upbraid me not, *Urissa*, O desist!
For oh! I love you! pardon then th' effects
Of the most ardent passion that can fill
A human breast, let that plead my excuse.

Urissa. Stand off, deceitful villain! nor expect,
Tho' you've secured *Orontes*, you've me also;
Begone! my eyes abhor the sight of so
Much perfidy.

Cbao. How hard this last injunction!—I obey,
Away, nor urge me to a repetition.
And counselled by the sweetness of those lips,
By words which flow nectareous to console
Me in my penitence, will ask *Orontes*,
And his angry gods, to obliterate
My conduct. Yet one sweet smile, how it wou'd
Assist me in my meditation of the past. [exit.]

Uriss. Oh, my *Orontes*, are we then at last
Thus to be parted? will't not be allowed us
The privilege of self-destruction? must we die
Separate, and at a distance from each other's sighs?
Yet death alone can bring us where once met,
No enemy can come between us to disturb
Our never-fading joys; these, *Urissa*, these
Shall be thy portion, these shall soon refute
All their attempts to rob you of your peace
Beyond the reach of curst designing men. [exit]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The English Camp, with a View of the Fleet at a Distance.

Enter CRASSO followed by Troops, and a splendid display of Presents for the English Commander.

Cras. Illustrious Sir, our master greeting sends
Health to his gallant partner of the war,

And

And with these presents charging me, propos'd
Himself to follow. We have preserv'd
These from the fury of an enemy, who
This morning met us and cut off our rout,
Defeating the supply of men Orontes
Promis'd; but by his foes deceit, was
Prevented from performing. However,
These, the small relicks of his former grandeur,
He at your feet desires permission
To lay, and with them his most anxious hopes
Of quick prosperity to England's cause.

Mass. Renowned warriors! soldiers of my friend!
Well you've requited such exalted love,
Well have supported good Orontes' cause
Against his perfidious enemies.
Proud of an Ally so justly distinguish'd,
We, Englishmen, most heartily condole
With ev'ry lover of Orontes' late
Dominion in the misfortunes of
Their magnanimous persecuted prince.
We also feel the weight of obligation
His sincere attachment to our hitherto
Most prosperous cause has plac'd us under;
And readily accept, in token of regard,
For one who suffers in supporting us,
These troops, which tho' so small in number, will
Sufficiently make up that want in courage,
And as they've fought, no doubt will fight again
In his behalf; they've been approv'd, and we
In gratitude for such great offers will
Confide in and entreat their arms once more
In his defence.

All. In that we bleed! we die!

Mass. For of a sad mischance which has befall'n
To your royal master, yet you may not know.

Craf. Say on, Sir, we are ignorant to a man
Of ought having happen'd to Oronte's
Person—Speak Sir, is he dead?

Mass. We hope not;
But what's worse, if possible, ensnar'd by
The Spaniards in Manilla; there secur'd,
He dares not move a step: so close he's watch'd,
That to attempt escaping wou'd be madness.

Craf. How! Sir,
Is he entrap'd by foes at last? Amazement!
Orontes in the hands of his sworn enemy,
The haughty Spaniard?

Mass. 'Tis so, nor can
Ought less than arms deliver an ally
We swear by them t' emancipate: (him,
Read this, (*shews a letter*) which by a messenger from
I yesterday receiv'd before the loss
Of the late battle: mark how widely
Differ'd the occasion from the time in which
The last was penn'd; how chang'd are all his hopes.
Incontrovertible; but by some effort
Of our united strength by arms alone,
Therefore, my friends, remember in one cause,
The common cause of all, we may be
Soon; if our hearts and arms are one engag'd—
Your king's secur'd within yon hostile walls,
Himself insulted—you his subjects robb'd
Of your best friend; we of an ally,
Whose friendship we esteem, and to obtain
Were ever anxious since our first arrival
On Asia's Isles, t'was then he swore t' assist
England with all his might: 'twas then we saw
How highly valuable was the offer,
Nor hesitated to accept it; and now we swear,
With all our strength,
T' assist our ally, and his foes make our own—
We will; nor sleeps a sword within its sheath
Till proud Manilla falls, and he's set free.

Craf. Ah! generous Sir, indeed the sad reverse
Fills all my mind with horror and with rage
Alternately to think how fortune could

Thus

Thus cruel persecute the best of men,
 Infatiate thus pursue him from foe
 To foe malignant—Admiration then
 Succeeds to find how great a friend he has
 In you.

May the gods dispose
 That ev'ry Briton's arm shall carry death
 Wherever irresistible it falls,
 And teach Orontes foes, he yet preserves
 Their friendship, who are able to destroy
 Each dastard head that dare oppose their force.
 Go on, my fellow countrymen, to conquer;
 Your prince imprison'd, now demands your best,
 Your speediest endeavours—none will retreat;
 Pursue unanimous the splendid race
 Till yon proud city and her boasted name
 Invincible, you've levelled to the ground:
 Remember 'tis his name you wou'd redeem,
 Remember 'tis his wrongs you wou'd revenge;
 Forget not 'tis your prince, to whose relief
 You all, I know, most readily will fly;
 And vict'ry shall attend your eager ranks,
 Reduc'd in number, but their hearts the same;
 As true as ever to their sov'reign's cause—
 Say are they not?

All. We will deliver him or perish.

Mass. On! on! my friends! my countrymen! allies!
 All who well pleas'd wou'd revel in the sight
 Of storm'd Manilla—Lag not him who wou'd
 Behold it ere yon bright resplendent beam
 Sees his meredian, in our possession.

exiunt omnes.

ACT

A C T V. S C E N E II.

The Lazaretto at MANILLA—Enter ORONTES from behind.

Orontes. Thro' yonder grate whose partial light reveals
The dismal gloom which overhangs the walls
Of this my prison, crowds on crowds I saw
Of soldiers waiting at the fatal porch,
The gate where the English hope to enter.
Why's all that bustle at the eastern pass?
Alas ! Orontes !
But do they think I will survive the hour
That shews me England, far dearer than
Myself, my poor Urissa ! in the hands
Of haughty foes of spaniards, and Obao ?
No, my enemies ; no, my unfeeling Uncle,
Ye shall not glut your appetite with blood
Of sad Orontes ; no, with those two I
Will make a gloomy third Again.
Yon noise of arms invites me to a fight
Of this great day about to grow so big
With wonderful event. [Exit behind]

Enter OBAO disguised.

Obao. Yonder he goes ! how pensive !
How full of meditation, mixed no doubt,
With a proportionable quota
Of black revenge : could I but lead him to
Sate his desire immediately
Before 'tis decided, if his friends the English,
Or whether this Manilla is debased,
In case the former should succeed, the doors
Of this his prison will be open thrown and
He be liberated spite of our endeavours
To prevent it.

Re-enter

Re-enter ORONTES.

Orontes. Who have we here! a prisoner like myself,
 Tho' one mayhap not so unfortunate?
 No matter. Heaven, what have I just now seen,
 A dreadful conflict at the western pass;
 The English sword in hand, attempting to
 Forcethro' the narrow gate, while thousands strong,
 Opposing, threaten them with quick destruction;
 And if their courage, aided by the arm,
 Of some power supernatural, does not
 Throw down the numerous host of adversaries,
 And soon too, they will bleed, will fall deceiv'd.
 Reflection how tormenting! my attempts
 For their prosperity will soon become
 Their bane: come then, my foes, come, false Obao,
 And kind relieve me; tear me from this fight
 My friends discomfited, Orontes wounds
 Become incurable. *(Obao comes forward.)*

Say, friend, how long
 (For so I wou'd address a fellow-sufferer
 And such you seem,
 Tho' ignominious chains are wanting to
 Complete the cruel horror of the place.)
 Have these dark walls, these gloomy cells been yours?
Obao. Not long the residence I boast of here
 Has been; for but an hour or less and I
 Was free.

Orontes. So short a time most likely you
 Must know the situation of the town's attack;
 And whether party airy fortune gives
 Her favour, to which most probably will lose
 The day's renown, which gain it more propitious.

Obao. So much I know of th' English and the friend
 Orontes, that methinks I cou'd enjoy
 Their mutual fall together—they believ'd
 To conquer worlds;
 But heaven, they say, incens'd at the ambitious
 Aspiring project, has in part cut off
 Their poor deluded hopes, by hubling him

Who

Who ever foremost was in th' adverse cause,
 And blest if he could have help'd his English friends,
 As he was conducting to their aid
 Thousands of troops, auxiliaries, and arms ;
 All, 'tis believ'd, have perish'd to a few,
 Who with their leader fled at the first onset—
 So flies the rumour.

Orontes. Then we may suppose
 That having fail'd, the English must submit,
 While on the other hand, Manilla will
 Thus be reliev'd from fear of an attack,
 Which has already threaten'd her with ruin.

Obao. Further it is said, Orontes at
 This very moment in some prison's bound.

Orontes. And to what cause do they assign it all?
 Or what complaint was there alledg'd against him?

Obao. Complaint! have you not heard Manilla rings
 With the report.

Orontes. So close confin'd, could I
 Hear of each common rumour that might fly?

Obao. Of treason they accused him, and most justly,
 For he was found in correspondence with
 The English: thus detected, what did he
 Not merit who so daringly cou'd plot
 Against Manilla? there was all the plan,
 The famous project, that was to destroy
 At one huge stroke the terrified Manilla!
 There was hope and joy with triumph larger
 Than man before acquired.

Orontes. And are
 There none who sympathize in the distress,
 The great misfortunes of Orontes! Who
 Condemn the cruelties of Dotas towards
 One so near akin? for both I know,
 Orontes and his Uncle—you too, I
 Suppose, have been informed.

Obao. Informed that him
 You mention'd first deserv'd it all and more

For

For not submitting to his Uncle's will,
Who wou'd have had him married to his equal
To one who wou'd have honoured Para's throne
By equal birthright.

Orontes. I understood 't was thought
A specious pretext of Oronte's Uncle,
An artifice to obtain himself the crown
He envied so his nephew; further too
I have heard, he was betrayed by a man
Himself had nourish'd from a child and upward
Into his Uncle's hands

Obao. What shall I say?
Curse on his questions,
Orontes Uncle's influenced by all honest
Motives of true affection for his nephew, and
Studies alone his interest; but rebellious,
The other vilely threw into his teeth
His friendly counsel.

Orontes. But if ever I have rightly heard the state
Of an affair which agitates the whole
Of this Eastern world, Dotas had retired
Hither to assist the Governor of Manilla
With his advice by invitation of
The latter, then 'tis asked how he possibly
Who thought his nephew was in earnest
Could at that distance suspect him
Of any hostile preparation 'gainst him; Nay,
They say some one betrayed Oronte's views
One who alone was trusted with the secret
Of his intentions whatsoever they were.

Obao. Sure he has not discovered me? or why,
So closely press me as to that matter?
What shall I answer?

I scarce know what; so conscience affails me;
And yet I dare not strike the wish'd for blow

Which

Which soon would end his curiosity
And my torment.

[*aside.*]

Come conscience, banish all thy paltry fears
Come obduracy, steel this steady heart,
Prepare this hand to execute thy office
T'will ease you all of your most weighty load
Which each oppresses. Hence terror! hence dismay!

(*A Flourish without.*)

What means yon noise of vict'ry, to one
Or th' other? if to the English, I to
My work must hasten fear my labour's last.

Orontes. Ah! yon sound imparts my friends defeat!
Hark, how again they revel in the fight!
England's dishonoured! Oh! I tremble for them:
Ah luckless hour that I have liv'd to see thee.

Obao stabs him.

Obao. There Master, take it as the best acquittance
Thy favours to Obao could receive.

Orontes. What, was my executioner so nigh?
You've amply recompenced each past offence
Which in this friendly deed I do forget,
For ever do forgive.

Obao. Ah! he forgives,
Nor blames, but thanks me for my perfidy,
Thus cursing me with tears and blessing
I could almost wish the deed recalled and
His detested blood wiped from my fingers:
Sure I don't relent and droop my head
With sorrow or remorse at what I've done?
No, I rejoice; my enemy no more
Will breath defiance to my life's desires.

Orontes. Oh! go Obao; again I tell thee, I
Do from my heart forgive thee, but so short
My breath already seems I can't—repeat it.

Obao. No more Urissa's hand will doubtful hang,
And

And she must love me when Orontes' death
Is once secur'd. Away, I fly to Dotas,
He too will thank me for the glorious act.

Exit OBao.

Enter MARAN followed by English Soldiers.

Maran. Deliverance to my Master!
All is success! is triumph and renown
Unparalleled—Manilla falls a victim
To her own greatness, and your friends soon will
Congratulate in person their Orontes.
But why, my Master, so depress'd? those looks!
No longer now this prison must absorb
Orontes in affliction; but be fill'd!
By his oppressors, those who plac'd him there.

Orontes. Oh! thou great soul!
What compensation can there be sufficient,
Oh Maran, what can repay such woth?
Ages to come, when I'm no more, shall speak
Of thy fidelity unequalled in
The annals of a world I soon shall leave
To thee and all who easier than myself
May find life's burden. Oh! support me while
I strive to speak again my last desire.

Maran. What vile assassin has been here to rob
The world of so much goodness? Live, Oh! live,
My honoured master, to refute your foes.

Orontes. Maran, forgive me, for the vile resolve
That from my bosom turn'd thee to the world
At the instigation of the false Obao;
Him too, take care not to forget to tell
I do absolve from the supposed crime
He on my existence has committed.

Maran. Ah! was it him, and cou'd he close but thus
The string of his iniquities?

Orontes. And last,
To dear Urissa, say, my dying breath

Called

Called heaven's best blessing on her for the love
 She ever expressed to lost Orontes.
 Intreat my friends, the gallant English, to
 Pardon the mistake that nearly had involv'd
 Their army in destruction. I have liv'd
 To hear of their vict'ry, I cou'd wish no more.
 Heaven bless you, Maran! bless my enemies!
 My poor deluded Uncle, bless him too,
 And all the World. I find my sight grows dim,
 A languid numbness every limb pervades;
 I am much fatigued—lead me—but Oh! (Dies.

Maran. Well speed thy soul, Orontes, best of men:
 Curses await thy trea'ch'rous enemies, till
 All who dar'd with thy life's existence lost,
 All who conspired perfidious to overthrow
 So fair a fabric, like the crumbled walls
 Of tottering Manilla, by the hands
 Each of his executioner shall fall
 In expiation at his fellow's side.

*MARAN is carrying off the Body of ORONTES, when
 Enter DOTAS with other prisoners guarded.*

Dotas. My nephew in the arms of death! is't possible
 Obao has so strictly followed my
 Commands?
 Oh that one smile
 Cou'd but escape his dying cheek to bring
 Forgiveness to me; but my crime too great
 Was past forgiveness, rather now my fate
 At length has reach'd me; I must here repent
 And expiate my wicked projects here
 Long as existence lasts. *EXEUNT. ORONTES.*

ACT V. SCENE III.

A Street in Manilla—Enter OBAO.

Obao. What have I gain'd what heeds the glorious hour

That

That in Orontes breast
 Plunged the fell knife, and sent him from the world?
 Urissa now no more exists, but falls
 A bleeding martyr at Orontes wrongs,
 Why by my perfidy did I provoke
 Her to so foul a deed as suicide?
 How much have I obtained by urging her
 To self-destruction? Soon as she was told
 Orontes by my hand had fall'n, frantic
 She raved and tore her beauteous cheeks
 Till all her former charms were one large blot
 Of purpled blood; nought cou'd restrain the force
 Of anger raging in her throbbing breast.
 Till last of all, Oh cursed resolve, she drove
 The poignard to her heart! Why did I cause
 Her miserable parent so much grief,
 Who as his dying child upon his neck
 Dropt faint, call'd down the hand of heav'n to stop
 His own existence, and had nigh pursued
 His child's example.—This, Obao, all
 Was thy great doing! thy illustrious work!
 The honour you've attained time best will show,
 When as you meet the recompence you merit,
 When angry heav'n incensed annuls thy life,
 And ignominious stamp thy name accurst
 With never-dying infamy! a dread
 Example to surviving ages. Yet
 There's room to part with what so pondrous from
 The weight of its iniquities, will be
 Hereafter not to be endured.

Exit Obao with his sword drawn.

*Re-enter OBAO and MARAN fighting—OBAO flies,
 MARAN follows—Re-enter MARAN.*

Maran. 'Twas good, my sword! thou'st done thy
 duty well:
 Directed by the hand of heaven, thy point
 Has found its way unerring to the root

G

Of

Of every ill Orontes that beset.
 The murd'rer's murdered! false Obao pays
 In everlasting slumbers, for the crimes
 That stained him living. Rest, thou sacred soul
 Of my good master, for thou art revenged
 Thy faithful Maran, ever proud to serve
 His prince, has rendered all the service he
 Could pay thy spirit. The assassin bleeds;
 Obao closes his career for ever.
 Hark! now the citadel surrenders, and
 The conquering English hither bend their way
 In loud triumphant crouds.

*Enter MASSARENE, English SOLDIERS, Governor of
 MANILLA.*

Mass. I am inclined to listen to the boon
 You would require be the demand not too
 Exorbitant.

Gov. Then sir, I bear the cries
 Of all Manilla to their conqueror,
 Who prostrate thus intreat your mercy to
 Their lives and property.

Mass. The lives of none my soldiers dare to touch,
 My orders were expressly to that purpose,
 Soon as we gain'd the town. Their property
 Is ours by right, and it remains with us
 Whether it shall ever be restor'd.

Gov. Oh Sir
 Extend your goodness to the weeping train
 Of those who your victorious arms have made
 Unquestionably your prisoners.
 Speak sir, the ransom you wou'd have us pay,
 And rescue from perdition the great wealth
 With which Manilla teems.

Mass. Within your town a damsel fairer than
 Your fair Manilla, who has beauty which
 Manilla's store of wealth cou'd never buy,

There

There lives——
 Her worth exceeds all you could bring :
 Or among the richest citizens you could
 Produce——

Nor matters now her hist'ry, but within
 These walls we learnt she was, yet in whose pow'r
 We know not.

Then unless that she is safe,
 And living is restored again to those
 Who the same country has produc'd,
 Your wealth and splendor yet must all submit,
 Her name is Isabella.

Gov. Is not that the name
 Of her who Dotas calls his English fair one ?
 It surely is. However sir, I haste
 To execute your wishes, and preserve
 By means of beauty, our Manilla's wealth.
 Vouchsafe if 'tis not her,
 The very same, grant us but one hour,
 And as Manilla's Guardian, I do pledge
 My own life in the failure of our hopes.

Mafs. If then you bring that Isabella, I
 Require, 'tis promis'd from that moment to
 Yourself and all your town, safety complete
 Both in your lives and riches.

MASSARENE and MARAN talk behind, then advance.

Mafs. Ah ! do you say Orontes is no more ?
 And do they dare intreat us spare this town,
 Nor crush those haughty walls wherein they dared
 Assassinate our friend, our good ally ?

Maran. Yet sir spare
 Manilla for the great author of those
 Ills which have befallen Orontes, is
 No more ! these hands
 Deprived the villain of his breath: I fought
 Not for his life, as he Orontes, nor

Witness, Heaven, did I seize the prey when
 Unprepared, but in the battle's heat, as
 Forth he rushed to save the Citadel, I
 Was the first he met ; at me he flew,
 As darts the eager lion on his prey,
 And with Orontes would have couped Maran ;
 But right prevailed, and he the victim quick
 Of his transgressions soon became : my sword,
 Devoted ever to Orontes life,
 Slept not ; but in his murderer's blood, inscribed
 A swift revenge in death.

Mass. Then is our friend
 Indeed avenged ; you have our warmest thanks
 That persevered so faithful to its master.
 But tho' her citizens should mercy seek
 By offering all her hoards of wealth to appease us,
 So much this bloody act with horror strikes
 My soul, which freezes at the very thought
 Of their inhospitable cruel deed,
 That thou'd not she whose beauty we have claimed
 Be soon restored, Manilla from that hour
 Rude devastation and contending wars
 Of sword and fire, such as scarce before the
 World perhaps has seen, exhibits far and
 Wide thro' her ferocious streets.
 Away to yonder gate, and tell the chief,
 Crasso, Orontes' general, to dispatch
 Instant a guard to fetch his Master's body.
 Say it is our desire that every duty
 The pomp of funeral can give, on him
 Should be bestowed. Honours, how vain ! how ill
 Befitting our good will towards him ! but
 Such as only now we can bestow.

Maran. Since——

Sir, 'tis your will, your servant must submit.

Mass. Haste, fear the citizens before you shou'd
 Arrive, and in revenge, prevent his friends

From

From paying his remains the debt they owe
Him.

Maran. I fly, however painful the task.

(Exit Maran.)

A grand procession—Enter GOVERNOR, &c. &c.

Governor. She comes, Sir; the Ransom of Manilla!
We hope, arrayed in each transcendent grace
That beauty unexampled can display:
In smiles herself the queen of beauty's empire
Now comes to save our else unhappy town;
Oh may she prove to you as acceptable
As she is held 'mong us at this good hour.

Enter ISABELLA.

Mass. 'Tis she, a ransom greater than the world!
My Isabella unadorned with art,
Richer than worlds of gold. Away with wrath;
Hence anger and revenge; no more approach!
Massarene no longer conqueror, but subdued
By heavenly chains thus hastens to imbibe
Delight unspeakable. *(they embrace.)*

Isabella. My Massarene!
O my soul, when hast thou known such joy?
How long 'tis since!

Mass. Thus every laurel
Is superceeded by the bliss I feel,
Bliss such as before full long 't has been
My happy lot to experience; but now
How sweet it comes, its taste so long restrained.
Come then once more and drown me with a kiss.

(They again embrace.)

Isabella. Pardon my haste, but may I not discern
In you restored, my father also, and
Each distant friend? My poor expiring mother,
I almost dread to inquire for.

Mass. She, with
Thy father's friends and partners of your life,

Your

Your young companions, who in England you
Left at your setting out for China,
All alive, are anxious for your safety,
And fear their Isabella lost. I too
Breath'd many a fear, but trusted that the
Sea had not dar'd devour so fair a prey.

Isabella. Then all is well indeed, come, Massarene!
Come, let us fly for England, there to meet
Them all. Oh what delight now fills my heart,
What transports overwhelm my soul, elate
With the dear prospect of approaching England,
And my long lost acquaintance: Heaven,
How kind thou'st been to save my mother
Till my return. Oh generous Massarene!
Generous did I say? no, you do not deserve
The splendid title, you denied me aid
When I required it at your hand just now;
But I'll return it—Here, make fast the hand
You oft have asked for, I as oft denied,
Because my Massarene, I know not why.

Mass. Is't possible! can I believe my eyes?
Do they see right? my Isabella kind!

Isabella. Possible it is; I only can repay
Thus your attention and your numerous vows
Of love towards me: take it, if you think
It so deserves; but come, let's now begone
To Britain, all will be rejoic'd to see
Us once again.

Mass. The narrative of the
Events which brought you hither, we'll defer
Till a better opportunity; let
This hour be dedicated to love and joy,
To gaily and mirth: for such a one,
Care shou'd not darken nor ought ill corrode,
But all alike shou'd know the happy day
That Isabella to her home restor'd,

To

To Massarene and life ! yes ! I have ill
 Merited this hand, but it shall be
 Henceforward my first study to regain
 My name but justly stained ; time shall show
 My gratitude. And sir, that there may be
 Cause for complaints on no side to fully
 The general gait, I now pronounce
 Manilla safe ! safe from this hour ; and that
 It may no longer be in fear of plunder,
 Our troops shall be immediately withdrawn
 And all restor'd of which the citizens
 By them have been despoiled.

Gov. Your goodness, sir,
 At once displays the conqueror and the friend ;
 Your own heart's feelings be your recompence.

Mass. Yet not on me, but nere bestow the praise ;
 To this more worthy object give your thanks ;
 'Tis she alone demands your gratitude
 And mine.

Isabella Proud if I have obtained for you
 That which you sued for, I require no more,
 And your delivery is my reward.

Mass. No Isabella ! that's not all you merit,
 Bid them hereafter, while the world shall last
 Revere the woman's name that sav'd Manilla.
 Bid them as round his course the sun revolves
 Annual remember, while their altars blaze,
 To thank their every god who beauty gave
 When golden oceans were of no avail ;
 When every wall seem'd tott'ring as it stood,
 Shook to the foundation, they reversed its fate
 And sent the queen of beauty to appease
 The thirsty victors ; who the ransom took,
 And Isabella stamp'd their town redeem'd.

(*exunt Omnes.*)

FINALE

FINALE.

The voice of fame, salutes the list'ning air,
Renown'd Britannia comes, in conquest drest;
Imperial queen! herself than worlds more fair

Exalted by her arms renown,
Meaner Kingdoms wond'ring stand;
Nations tremble at her frown,
Victory with her joyful band

In laurels clad, proclaims them blest,
Who glorious war and Mars have made the slaves.
Of her all earth admires; the humbled waves,
Smooth o'er their restless brow and own
The common mistress worthy of her crown.

CHORUS OF VICTORY.

Victorious while her standard flies,
Send up the rumour to the skies.

CHORUS OF DEATH.

Let loose the solemn tide of woe,
Display the banners black with death;
In slow procession mournful go
Where he who late depriv'd of breath,
By fate's unfeeling arm in fame survives
The ghastly blow. His name exalted lives,
And lasts to ages who the day will sing
That sanctioned our alliance
"The union of defiance,"

When England's arm avenged great Para's king.

Maran. For in the grave he conquers; and
Neer dying fame proclaims him great,
For whom Urissa's steady hand
Effectual stopt the voice of fate,
By forfeiting the life she faithful spent,
When hand in hand the living couple went.

CHORUS OF VICTORY.

Victorious while her standard flies
Send up the rumour to the skies.

